THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

VOL. IX. NO. 13. CHICAGO, SATURDAY, MARCH 29, 1890. PRICE FIVE CENTS.

LIMERICK'S WALLS.

Miss Banim Describes the Charming Characteristics of the City Where Sarsfield Fought and Tyrconnell Died.

The Limerick Races and the People Who Attend Them.

MALLOW STREET.

A little below the Crescent Mallow street branches off, and its name brings to the memory of the older inhabitants a remarkable scene in the life of our great apostle of Temperance, Father Mathew.

Mr. Lenihan, in his History of Limerick, describes the visits of Father Mathew, who nowhere met with a more enthusiastic welcome nor with greater success in his mission than he did in Limerick.

It was on a Sunday in December, 1839, that Father Mathew came to Limerick to preach the cause of temperance, and it was here, in Mallow street, that he stayed at the house of his brother in-law, Mr. Dunbar. Such was the intense enthusiasm of the people for the cause and its apostle that, for days before Father Mathew's arrival in the town, crowds of peasantry kept flocking in to be enrolled under the temperance banner—"to take the pledge," as the people always say. So great were the crowds in the city that every lodging was quickly taken, and still there were five thousand people in the streets that winter's night, unable to find shelter; and such a concourse of persons was in the town that, on the Sunday, while Father Mathew preached in one of the churches, the full extent of George's street (a mile in length), the quays, and the bridge's were packed with one dense body of people, yet there was not the smallest breach of order.

From Monday until Wednesday Father Mathew gave the pledge, frequently to thousands at a time, and many an impressive scene took place in Mallow street, where above ten thousand persons knelt upon the pavement and solemnly vowed never again to touch the poison of their race.

Along Mallow street the apostle proceeded to the quay, just there at the end beside where the boats are lying in the Shannon, and, standing by the water's brink, he received the pledges of seven hundred men from Kilrush, they kneeling, bareheaded, on the decks of their boats.

In the streets, the churches, the courthouse — anywhere and everywhere — Father Mathew continued to "give the pledge," receiving recruits even from the four adjoining counties, until his voice failed and he could no longer repeat the words.

On the right hand side of George's street, No. 54, is a house connected with an honored name, a name of which Limerick is proud. It was the residence of Dr Griffin, brother of the gifted novelist and poet, Gerald Griffin.

THE GRIFFIN FAMILY

were old and respected residents of Limerick, among its merchants and professional men. The father of Gerald was a merchant in good position, but some failure in business made it advisable for the family soon after Gerald's birth, to move to a country place at Glin, a lovely little town not far from the mouth of the Shannon. From Glin the father, with some of his children, emigrated to America, leaving Gerald, with one or two brothers and a sister, behind. The elder Mr. Griffin's brother was a doctor at Adare, eight miles from Limerick, and with him Gerald spent part of his boyhood. Thence he went to London, full of youthful dreams of fame—a fame to be lightly and easily won: to youth all is to come so lightly and easily; the will is so powerful in dreams.

The young writer was modest, gentle, timid, diffident; yet, as are many of a like nature, he was, while perhaps unfitted to battle his way in the world, possessed of a fund of that honorable pride that makes such natures long to be self-reliant and self sustaining. He wished to win fame and fortune by his own unaided efforts, but how many strong, self-confident men fail in that, with all their stock of push and courage? How much more difficult the task for one who would shrink away, pained and discouraged, at every rebuff, or even a cold word or look. For a long time Gerald Griffin struggled hard even to live, in his sensitiveness hiding all his sufferings and disappointments, even from his own family and from those Irish friends in London who would gladly have tried to help him on, knowing full well what the struggles of a beginner in that crowded world must be. At last a friend, an Irish novelist then in the zenith of his success, guessing something of the state of affairs, sought out the young writer, though none too soon, for Griffin seemed to have given up hope; disappointment and suffering had so worked on his sensitive nature that he had almost given way to despair. His friend brought him home with him, and by this kind and brotherly hand Gerald Griffin was saved to achieve later on genuine success and popularity as an

IRISH NOVELIST AND POET.

But, in the hard and bitter trial he had gone through, the young man had been brought face to face with the reality of many things; had realized the unworthy eagerness that can seize with such a terrible hold on a soul that is filled with mere worldly ambition—ambition that is so often only a well sounding name for the gratification of vanity. At an age when few can so understand it, Gerald Griffin felt it tame to be but

"A fancied life in others' breath—"

and when, at the height of his popularity, he found that he had lost all love for the world, its successes and its joys, he formed the resolution to lay aside all self seeking, and to spend his life for others. He took a holiday in Ireland with his family and with the friend who had been so true a friend in his time of need, then entered the religious order of the Christian Brothers, Cork, and thenceforth his life was devoted to teaching the children of the poor.

The best known of Griffin's books is "The Collegians," dramatized under the title of "The Colleen Bawn," and founded on a terrible tragedy which occurred in Limerick in the year 1819.

A little below the residence of the late Dr. Griffin begin the business houses of George's street, and here the life and bustle are four fold, with the pleasantest mixture of city and country ways imaginable.

Limerick is quite as car driving a town as Dublin, and the arrangements for car hire are even more convenient. The fare within the city bounds is small, and the vehicles are neat, light running outside cars, whose drivers are a most respectable class of men—polite, painstaking and respectfully kind. The car-stand arrangements are very convenient. Only two cars are allowed at any one crossing, but these are at frequent intervals, and the cars are stationed at alternate sides of the street, so that anyone wanting a conveyance in a hurry has not to wait even a minute.

WHIRLING ALONG THE ROADWAY

Then wonderful is the variety of equipages that stand by the sidewalks or whirl along the roadway. With flourish of bugle and a gay load of ladies and gentlemen on box seat and roof, a four in hand dashes down street, and beside it, gallantly trying to keep pace, trot-trots a little donkey with his cart, Biddy from Crushcen seated in state on a sack, and handling the reins with just as great an air of holding in a nettlesome steed as any whip of four thoroughbreds can wear. There are smart modern carriages with the dash of newly-acquired wealth about them, and there are the quiet looking vehicles of the long-established county families—vehicles somewhat dingy, perhaps, but thoroughly and decidedly good position looking; and even when the coachman's livery is not of the smartest, he has a sort of dignity about him the flashily got-up officer's groom or newly made family's coachman can never attain.

Gaily trotting up and down are numbers of small ponies, jennets, or carefully groomed donkeys, under the useful little traps now so much in vogue; in these conversation cars, or sociables, children have happy times, and country ladies do much of their shopping, their gentle little steeds not needing a man's hand to care them. How often I have longed to be of the party when I watched half a dozen merry little girls setting off for a day's happy independence—up the town and down the town, and then away out into the free country.

Here are lines of heavy drays from shipping, flour stores and mills, the great Flemish horses stalking along at that steadily plodding pace so typical of the nation they belong to. Here, again, is a line of the common Irish carts, drawn by the common Irish cart horses that, spite of all their hard work, can still get up a rattling jog trot as they bear away their loads of weary carters after the day's work is over. I noticed in Limerick that this is a custom at many of the quay stores; the men are carried in batches from their various dwellings of a morning, and towards home again in the evening.

AT ALL THE STREET CORNERS,

and, of a Sunday, along by the closed shops, sit the fruit women and sugarstick vendors, each stall owner being almost invariably the centre of a little group of eager gossips of her own class, and nothing in the world is easier than to enter into the gossip. The women are, one and all, the cheeriest, the chattiest, and the most polite of souls, and in half an hour's conversation with the group you will come away with more varied and really interesting information about Limerick and its stories than you would obtain in a week from any twenty of the richer classes.

A funeral procession. Very slow and very solemn, the coffin borne on the shoulders of the men—friends and neighbors of the dead, who perform this last office as a token of respect for the departed. As the coffin is borne along all who pass it in the street turn a moment towards it; the men, rich and poor, lift their hats, while all who are Catholics say a short prayer in silence. Or perhaps it is a soldier's funeral that winds its way to the old burial place beyond in the English town, and, as it passes, the sad notes of the "Dead March in Saul" send a thrill through the heart. There is always a something unusually mournful about a soldier's funeral, with its solemn music, the subdued tread and air of the comrades, the ceremony at the grave side, where the poor fellow's soul still hovers around his lifeless body, unable to gain its freedom from the clay until three volleys of musketry, fired into the grave, shall free the spirit from all earthly bonds. And there is something more melancholy than all in the sudden outburst of a light, gay tune, the accompaniment to which the soldiers quick march away from the grave where the comrade sleeps, far from friends, from family, from home.—*Mary Banim in Dublin Freeman.*

Something Interesting to Every Family.

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to your grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of six cents per loaf.

GOOD COMPANY.

The Man Who Talks to Himself has "a Cinch" on Charming Conversation, and is, According to Horace Greeley, a Smart Fellow.

Eleanor Kirk Endorses Horace—Evidently She Knows Some Club Men Who go Home "short on a Jack Pot."

BROOKLYN, N. Y., March 24.—A sensitive correspondent wishes to know if it is any sign of imbecility for one to talk to one's self. She is in the habit of doing so, and is often interrupted in the middle of a sentence—in other words caught at it—much to her disgust, and the amusement of her friends. She wonders if there is any way by which she can overcome so disagreeable a habit, any mental exercise which would help her not to indulge in this "solitary garrulity." Given a level head, and an average amount of will power, and a real desire, I do not think there is any habit that cannot be successfully grappled with. But I should save my efforts for something really necessary. Talking to one's self does not indicate a weak mind. Persons who thus converse are rarely ever lonesome or moody. They work off their ill-nature on themselves. They are not apt to be inquisitive, for they answer their own questions; and instead of being weak in the upper story they are usually brainy. It is related that a gentleman was once talking with Horace Greeley on this subject, and expressed himself very contemptuously about the people who thus commune with themselves. "Why, man alive," exclaimed the editor of the *Tribune*, "What are you talking about? It is only the smart folks who talk to themselves. Why, I talk to myself."

The "Aunt Jack" Company made the fastest time to Washington and back on record. The gave a matinee performance in that city in the afternoon, and returned in time to appear promptly at the Madison square in the evening. "Aunt Jack" made a nice little pile for the Actors' Fund, besides adding to her reputation as long and fast runner. There is something about the atmosphere of the Madison Square Theatre which everyone likes. The ventilation is perfect, and, because of the double stage, one does not have to wait an age between acts. Then "Aunt Jack" is as fresh, as painstaking, and as fascinating as ever.

What will my readers think of the following letter, especially those who always believed me sane?

This is the document, or at least a part of it:

"About three years ago I read an article of yours about marriage, in which you said that you thought no woman should marry until she could not only support herself, but her husband. My father seemed taken with these sentiments, but my mother and I thought you were either insane or a very cranky crank. There was a young man paying attention to me at the time, who received a salary of $20 per week. He wasn't very strong physically, though a splendid fellow morally and intellectually. Imagine my surprise when a couple of days after reading your letter, I found that my father had sent for a Remington type writer and had engaged a short hand teacher for me. 'I have no objection to your marrying John,' he said, 'when you are qualified to take care of him, but until then I shall not give my consent.' Now my father is as set in his way as the 'Iron Chancellor,' and it was give in, or elope. I never could do the last, and so I went at it in dead earnest. In three months I could not only write expertly on the type-writer, but I could polish off legal documents in a way that astonished the natives. In two years I could report a trial before a referee, and was getting $5 more a week than John. We are married now and I still do my work, and am as happy as I can be in the security which my type-writer and my shorthand give me."

Because I cannot reply personally to all communications, I wish to say to those who have asked for particulars in regard to lessons in English composition, that I have just organized a Bureau of Instruction. Many of my readers whose early education has been neglected, wish to be shown how to write a creditable friendly or business letter. Others aspire to write for publication, and feel that they have ideas, but cannot express them in creditable English. What they need is practical instruction, and this I am prepared to give.

Miss H. M. Barbour, who arranged an European tour last summer for a small party of ladies, accompanying them as companion and guide, has completed her programme for the summer of 1890. It will comprise Scotland, England, Holland, Belgium, Germany, the Rhine, Austrian Tyrol, Northern Italy and Italian Lakes, Switzerland and Paris. A period of one hundred days has been so well distributed among these countries as to enable the tourist to see their chief cities and points of interest leisurely and well. Large parties are becoming less popular each year, and small ones will take their places. For ladies who cannot be accompanied by members of their own family, or by intimate friends, and who wish to travel quietly and not be held rigidly to prearranged dates, there is no better way than to join a small party under the direction of some one familiar with Europe, and who has a knowledge of the French and German languages. I will send programmes of above mentioned tour to those desiring them.

Women's clubs have been much derided by men, but they continue to flourish in spite of everything. If women stayed late at these social entertainments, and returned to their residences a little mixed as regards the keyhole, as some of our club men frequently do, the prejudice against women's clubs would be more reasonable. But our women go not astray in such ways, neither do they flirt with each other in public places. There has yet to be one scandal in a women's club. I am much amused at the objection of Col. Thomas A. Knox, of the Lotos Club, to the behavior of Mr. Alden, who, feeling like "taxing his ease" in what he considered his "inn," took the liberty of stretching himself out comfortably and using a foot rest. Col. Knox declares that foot rests suggest hospitals, and that foot rests must go. The difference between men and women in the matter of clubs is, that the former convene for business purposes and the enjoyment of creature comforts. Women meet for intellectual pleasure, and so for them reclining chairs, foot rests, cigars, and drinks are unnecessary.

ELEANOR KIRK

*Why not Ireland? It is, next to Switzerland, the handsomest country in Europe.

Gaelic Athletics

[*To the Editor.*]

CHICAGO, March 26, 1890.—The last ten months have witnessed the initiative and steady advancement of a movement, among some young Irishmen of Chicago, to revive, in their brother exiles here, a love for the ancient Gaelic sports and games; and get these games introduced into the country of their adoption. This is certainly a very laudable desire and should receive the hearty approval and co-operation of all who do not blush when called Irish.

In the very earliest ages the Irish excelled in games, where excellence depended on physical development. They rivalled the ancient Romans whose games and theirs were almost identical; and through all the shocks of early wars and revolutions the Irish preserved their taste for manly sports. Seven centuries of British oppression and extermination, though continually draining some of the best and youngest blood of the old land, could not destroy the physical energy and love for athletics engendered in the Irish. It lived through all, sometimes, no doubt, at low ebb, but was still there when, seven years ago, it received its great impetus when the "Gaelic Athletic Association" was organized by Michael Davitt, Archbishop Croke, and Davin the Carrick-on-Suir athlete. From its birth its success was assured from the very names of its sponsors; and today young Ireland at home is a disciplined unit under the Gaelic Association rules.

It was the great success of the movement in Ireland that induced some dozen West Side Chicago Irishmen to organize, some ten months ago, the Emmet Athletic and Social Club and adopt in its constitution the Gaelic Association rules. Almost simultaneous with the Emmets, up sprung the Shamrocks, and a little later came the Innisfails, all West Side clubs, having an aggregate membership of over two hundred, and large balances in their treasuries to help them carry out this year's athletic campaign. But this, though satisfactory, is not enough; we want every young Irishman, or old one for that matter, to join our clubs, or better still, organize others and "spread the light." It is not when we have our football and hurling matches, our sports and picnics in the fine summer days, that is not the time to join; join now and help to arrange for these and make them successful.

When a few more clubs are organized, each club can select their delegates and empower them to elect from the general membership executive and managing committees, whose duties would be to revise old rules or enact new ones when necessary, and to arrange for matches, and in fact the whole yearly campaign. This is simply a suggestion, and may not be at all feasible as the organization spreads.

We have been working in the dark until a few weeks ago, when Mr. Coughlin, in an able letter published in your estimable journal, gave the public the first inkling of our existence. Mr. Coughlin deserves a hearty vote of thanks for breaking the ice. I hope others will profit by his example, and give us all the benefit of their views or suggestions.

W. R. MALONEY,
"The Emmets."

PERSONAL.

Mr. Charles McCorry, of Byron, the well known roadmaster of the Chicago, St. Paul and Kansas City Railway, left last week for a brief visit to his native home, Toombs Bridge, county Antrim, Ireland.

Mr. John B. Lynch has gone on his annual visit to the south and will spend some time at the Hot Springs, Ark., and also at New Orleans.

The many friends of Dr. and Mrs. John J. Larkin, of South Chicago, deeply sympathize with them in their sad bereavement, caused by the death of their handsome and beloved son, Lambert. The deceased was 4 years old, and seemed to be the picture of health and strength. The burial took place at Calvary cemetery on Wednesday last.

Catarrh Cured.

A clergyman, after years of suffering from the loathsome disease Catarrh, and vainly trying every known remedy, at last found a prescription which completely cured and saved him from death. Any sufferer from this dreadful disease sending a self-addressed stamped envelope to Prof. J. A. Lawrence, 88 Warren st., New York, will receive the recipe free of charge.

THE WARRIOR SLEEPS.

The Remains of the Heroic General Crook Buried at Oakland, Maryland.

Popular Affection and Appreciation Touchingly Manifested.

BURIAL OF THE HERO.

OAKLAND, Md., March 24.—The train bearing the remains of General Crook and the accompanying funeral party, arrived here at 2 o'clock, several hours late. The delay was caused first by a land slide near Benwood, and next by the slow time made on the heavy grades and sharp curves of the last hundred miles before reaching this point.

The casket was taken out of its oaken case and carried out on the platform by the guard of non commissioned officers from Fort Sheridan, and the glass plate was exposed, and the crowd that filled all the platforms and streets of the little town permitted to have a look at the dead warrior. Grand Army Post, No. 35, A. G. Sturgis, commanding, assisted by his staff, Messrs. Charles Belden, Moses Wetzel, Hezekiah Lowe, Dr. V. H Manown, and W. H. Hogan, and about fifty members formed in double line outside of the body guard and the people in double procession passed down both sides of the casket.

Meanwhile the Pullman palace car Eola had been side-tracked, and Mrs. Crook had been nerving herself for the final ceremonies. From Washington had come Lieut. Charles R Schofield, aide-de-camp of Major-General John M. Schofield and representing him; General Samuel Breck, Assistant Adjutant General United States Army; Captain George S Anderson, Sixth Cavalry, and Captain John G. Bourke, Third Cavalry, the most intimate military friend of the late General, who had accompanied him through all of his Indian campaigns since 1873. Mr. W. T. Hancock, of Wells, Fargo & Co., a very old friend of the family, also came.

Congressman Major William McKinley, Jr., of Ohio; General George W. Dorsey, of Nebraska, and General Nathan B. Goff, arrived early this morning at Oakland.

Of Mrs. Crook's immediate family came Dr. Robert W. Dailey and his daughter Miss Jennie Dailey. Dr. Dailey is Mrs. Crook's uncle. Mr. William C. Crook, of Mansfield, W. Va., was another member of the family. Mr. S. Crook received them in the Eola, while the people of Oakland and the surrounding villages were filing past the casket.

At one point on the road to the cemetery a huge flag, heavily bordered with black, was draped with its folds drooping to the ground; sorrow and sympathy were written on every face and the honesty of it touched Mrs. Crook deeply, and with its homely earnestness cheered and helped her. The cemetery is on quite a high hill called Quality Hill, to the eastward of the town, and the grave where General Crook temporarily rests is on a gentle slope between two hickory trees. At his feet are buried the father and mother of Mrs Crook, and her brother, James Dailey, the hero of the guerilla raid which captured the General by strategy.

At the grave side were three of his companions in that famous episode, Messrs. Ira Mason, John B Fay and Geo. H Johnson. Another attendant was Dr. E H. Bartlett, the only one of those who were present at the General's wedding.

The ceremonies were simple and short. Immediately upon reaching the grave the casket was lowered and the Rev. Dr. J. S. Moffatt, of Cumberland, Md., began to read the short burial service of the Episcopal church, and another minister read a short selection from the Bible.

Mrs. Crook was supported by Mr. Webb Hays, and Mrs. Reed by Lieutenant Reynoo. Dr. Moffatt made a very short prayer, and the Rev. Dr. Bolton pronounced the benediction, and all was over.

Immediately after the benediction was pronounced Mrs. Crook and Mrs. Reed were driven at once to the Glades Hotel, where they will remain until a cottage on the grounds can be prepared for their occupancy. The people remained at the grave while it was being filled up, under the supervision of the guard. All of the beautiful floral tributes were brought to the grave. Great care had been taken in their preservation, and they were as fresh and as beautiful as when first laid on the casket.

ROMAN ECHOES.

THE FOUNDER OF THE BARNABITES.

His Holiness Leo XIII has by a special decree declared worthy of the cultus formerly paid to him the Blessed Zacharia, founder of the Barnabites. From his death in 1539 a cultus was paid to him, but it fell off after the year 1634, when a decree was published moderating the cultus paid to servants of God.

THE HEALTH OF FATHER KENNERS.

The Rev. L A. Emmanuel Kenners, M.A., who has been lying ill at Naples for the past two months, has received a very large number of letters of sympathy which his present state of health does not allow him to acknowledge, requests me to thank through the *Catholic Times* all his friends for their kindness towards him in his sufferings. He is particularly grateful for the prayers so kindly offered for him. The reverend gentleman is afflicted with a complication of diseases, but Dr. Spinetti, his medical attendant, considering the calm, cheerful, and fearless disposition of the patient, entertains every hope of his recovery within a reasonable length of time.

THE CONGREGATION OF RITES.

The Sacred Congregation of Rites have held an ante-preparatory sitting for the examination, in the first instance, of the virtues in the heroic degree of the servant of God Ange de Pas, a professed priest of the Order of St. Francis of the Strict Observance. He was a native of Perpignan, and was sent from that place to Spain for the purpose of helping in the reform of the Franciscan Order, a work which he accomplished with the greatest zeal and success. He was renowned not less for science than for virtue. A contemporary of Sixtus V., he shared the confidence of that great Pope, who sent him to Rome and charged him with the task of writing a commentary on the Gospels.

THE PARNELL COMMISSION.

The verdict of the *Moniteur de Rome* on the commissioners' report well expresses what is now felt in Vatican circles with regard to the charges made against the Irish party. These are its words: 'From this campaign, which was undertaken against its leader, the Irish cause comes forth stronger than ever, and more full of confidence in its final triumph."

THE FEAST OF ST JOSEPH.

The Holy See having received a vast number of petitions from bishops, priests, and lay people in Spain, begging that the feast of St. Joseph, patron of the universal church, should be made a feast of obligation, his Holiness has decided to accede to the wishes of the Spanish Catholics, and the poetifical brief promulgating this decision will appear immediately.

THE BOHEMIAN COLLEGE.

The Catholic papers publish the decree of the foundation of the Bohemian College in Rome. It is a very lengthy document.

A STUDENT'S PILGRIMAGE.

French Catholic students to the number of seven hundred are coming from Paris to Rome at Easter. A French priest will be at their head.

SERMON TO MGR SATOLLI.

The Lenten preacher at the Church of St. Charles on the Corso is his Grace Mgr. Satolli. His last sermon he devoted to holy relics, speaking particularly of the nails and the lance used during Our Savior's Passion. He first explained the Catholic doctrine on the absolute cultus of adoration which we owe to God alone, and the relative cultus paid to images and relics, which we reverenced only inasmuch as they had relation to the person of Christ. Among those relics, the most worthy of veneration, undoubtedly, were those which recalled the last moments of the life of Our Holy Redeemer, and which were the instruments of His passion. In concluding, the preacher showed how fitting it was that we should venerate these instruments of the Passion. The least souvenirs even of our brother men, when they were illustrious, were dear to us. For the rest, in the relics of the Passion we did not adore the iron and the wood, but we adored Him who had opened heaven to us by those instruments of punishment.

CATHOLICS AND PARTIES IN ITALY.

A party of moderate politicians has been organized under the auspices of the Constitutional Association of Milan. It is a project to defeat the policy of Crispi, and is in itself praiseworthy. But it appears destined to be a failure, for, as a matter of fact, there are no battalions to follow the leaders. The latter have sought to ecquette with the Catholics, for the Catholics are in a position to give them the strength they require, but of course the non expedit stands in the way of any such arrangement. However, even if this were removed it would be difficult for the Catholics to accept the programme of the Moderates. These politicians do not seem to think it necessary that the actual antagonism between official Italy and the papacy should be entirely removed; they only wish that it should be modified, and that the conflict should not be embittered by useless and outrageous measures of persecution. "Supposing," says the *Moniteur de Rome*, "that the Moderates came into power tomorrow, the internal and external situation would undergo no essential change whatever.

THE MODERATES

who have founded the triple alliance would naturally be anxious to preserve it. Then we would have the military expenses kept up, and we would also have the continuation of the economic rupture with France. The administration would perhaps be more economical, and the treasury would perhaps have a deficit of some millions of lire less. Still, that is not an appreciable difference, and the economical and financial distress from which the country is suffering would be far from disappearing. On the ecclesiastical ground the Moderates would not perhaps attempt as often as Crispi to wound Catholic consciences, but in its essential features the situation would remain the same, and the Moderates would take no serious and efficacious measures to solve the Pontifical question. But this Pontifical question which the moderates consider a quantite negligeable, is precisely the pivot around which moves the whole situation of Italy, external as well as internal. Without it the triple alliance which rules Italy would not exist, for Italy would have no need of strong alliances to place her conquests under the protection of an eventual intervention of certain powers. Without it the reorganization of parties, the equilibrium of parliamentary life, the security of political and social order—all those things compromised so seriously by the religious conflict—would be assured. In one word, the original cause of all the evils from which Italy suffers resides in the conflict with the Papacy, and consequently the serious and sine qua non condition, and every fertile and loyal policy of restoration and conservation must be an earnest desire to put an end to that antagonism and to effect a reconciliation between Italy and the Holy See."

"CONVICT NO. 25"

—OR—

The Clearances

—OF—

WESTMEATH.

BY JAMES MURPHY,

Author of "Hugh Roach, the Ribbonman," "Ulic Fitzmaurice," "The Fortunes of Maurice O'Donnell," "Nollie, or the Lost Treasure," "The Forge of Clohogue," Etc., Etc., Etc.

CHAPTER XVI — (Continued.)

THE DROWNING SHIP.

The workers at the pump labored unceasingly. The strained planks of the ship freely admitted the water; and it required all their vigor and untiring energies to keep it from gaining too much on them. Only a few hands could aid; but those who had been assisting for the past few hours being relieved, the fresh hands worked with ceaseless vigor and activity. At times, indeed, they were obliged to suspend work, as the plunging ship rolled in the water, or as breaking waves swept with mighty force across the deck, or the tremendous force of the wind made exertion or breathing almost impossible. But, whenever these circumstances did not interfere, they worked with right good will and carelessness of fatigue—as men only do when they are striving foot to foot with the gaining sea for their lives.

As the storm continued, and the shaken vessel leaked more and more, the water gained on them, and sometimes they found it almost impossible to work the pumps or to make the piston move, so great was the pressure on the rod.

From time to time the captain came to see how they were doing. From time to time also came the mate.

But the last time the pumps had got fast with the suction and force of the water below, and they could not work them.

"We can do no more," said one of the sailors, in reply to his inquiry.

"Are the pumps stopped?" asked the mate, coming up at the moment.

"They are drowned out,' said the captain, with a face full of seriousness and gravity, but free from any manifestation of timidity. "It would be useless to work them further. There is too much water below."

"What shall be done? She cannot long tumble about with this load of water in her. She will sink any moment."

"She may," said the captain. "The first thing to do is, strike off all the fetters off the convicts, and bring them on deck. Let them get a chance for their lives."

"And the boats?"

"You cannot launch a boat in this storm. It would be smashed against the vessel or or swamped immediately. Cut them loose."

"Cut them loose?"

"Yes. They may save some one later on. But first bring the convicts on deck. They must not drown like rats in the hold. Let them die battling for their lives, with the air and the sky around them."

"And be quick!" added he, as the mate paused to examine the pumps;" the vessel is sinking deeper and tumbling about more helplessly. She will go down with a run any moment!"

"Well, Phelim, what do you think of this?" asked Kevin in a breathless whisper.

"I don't know," said Phelim. The storm and the unwonted exercise had lent a freshness of spirit to him that was surprising to see. "I suppose we must do what the others do."

"Can you swim?"

"I could, years ago——"

"So can I," said Kevin, interrupting.

"But I don't know that I can now. It's ten years you know. Ten long years."

"One never forgets to swim, I think."

"Maybe not."

"No; we must try and save ourselves; stick close to me, Phelim. The deck will be crowded in a few minutes. There go the boats."

The boats had been cut adrift and hove over the sides of the vessel. Some of them were capsized and sank immediately; some were stayed against the side of the vessel, and some they could see floating away on the crest of the receding waves.

Simultaneously with the cutting loose of the boats, the released convicts rushed on deck. Many of them had been badly hurt and bruised in the incessant rollings and pitchings of the vessel, and most of them had grown faint with the confined air below, but all of them hailed their temporary release with shouts of acclamation, and rushed with loud cries on deck, tumbling and falling over one another as they did so.

All attempts to save the vessel were now at an end. The men working at the pumps untied themselves from their fastenings, and held on with their hands.

All at once a cry of "She's sinking!" arose from three hundred mouths as a passing wave bore down her stern, and breaking with great force over the deck, rushed along!

Catching in its rapid swoop the workers at the pumps it swept them off their feet; and as a flash of lightning burst over the deck and over the crowded faces thereon, showing the blackness of the sky and the white crests of the gleaming waves in greater force, they were borne out to sea, and the rushing water closed over them!

For a moment only, however, for, with a rapid movement of his hands, Kevin lifted his head above the surface.

And as he did so, a hand clutched his arm.

Turning his head round he found it was his fellow convict.

"Let go, Phelim!" screamed he in the other's ears. "Let go; or you'll drown us both! Let me hold you!"

Phelim let go his hold, and Kevin catching hold of his arm with one hand, and with the other battling with the waves, managed to hold him up, and kept his head above the surface.

In one of those frantic efforts, and just when his strength was beginning to fail, his up thrown hand struck against something. In a second more he had clutched a rope, and, almost at the same moment, he knew that the cut away mast of the ship was floating beside him.

"Can you hold this, Phelim? Try and lay hold of this!" shouted he, as he guided his companion's hand to the rope.

Having done this, he lifted himself by the aid of a rope on to the mast, and placed himself athwart it, the ropes that ran beside it affording firm footing for his feet. He next lifted up his companion, and, as he struck the blinding spray from his own eyes, fastened him securely on the floating mast.

And thus through the long night, while the waves ran and the hurricane blew, and the lightning streaked the inky skies, they wandered on through the unknown sea!

"A hand! give me a hand!"

The words coming in a lull of the storm attracted Kevin's torpid attention.

Looking around him, he saw, a few feet from him, a form clinging to a spar, the arms thrown around it, and the head alone visible above the water.

The day was beginning to break, and the white surface of the surf covered sea began to brighten as the rays of the early dawn fell upon it.

"Why, it's the captain!"

"Is it?' said Phelim as the words fell on his ear, and he relaxed his strained hold on the rope before him.

"Can you catch this rope?" said Kevin, as he caught up an end of one of the flapping ropes beside him.

"No," said the captain. "My arms are too stiff. Try and reach this, and draw it near. If I let go I shall sink."

A lurch of the wave brought the spar somewhat nearer, and Kevin stretching forward his hand caught it and drew it alongside.

"Give me your hand now."

"Take hold of it. I cannot let go!"

Kevin caught hold of the clinging hand, and gently unlocking its grasp, drew the captain near, and helped him to a seat on the mast before him, and between himself and Convict No. 37.

He was too week and too numb in his limbs to be able to sit steadily; so Kevin, holding him until he was in some degree able to keep a firm seat, they all clung to the mast as it rose and fell and twisted and turned on the waves for hours.

"What are these clouds in front of us?" asked, at last, Kevin, as he noticed black banks of clouds facing them.

"Those are not clouds," said the captain when he recovered somewhat. "These are the bluffs of the French coast, and, thank God! we are beating rapidly on to them."

"The French coast?" said Kevin, as his heart leaped rejoicing at the news.

"The French coast!" said Phelim, as a dream of liberty sent the blood rushing to his heart, and back again.

"Yes, the French coast," said the captain. "I know it well. I was wrecked here once before. We are driving straight to it. The mast, with its cords and sails, acts like a boat."

"Thank God!" said Kevin fervently.

"Thank God!" said Psalim.

"You may well say 'Thank God,'" said the captain. "We have so far had a wonderful escape."

"What's become of the ship?" asked Kevin.

"Sank—drowned!" said the captain.

"And the"—he was going to say "convicts," but he said "passengers?"

"I believe all drowned.'

"All drowned?"

"Yes; she sank under our feet. She's resting on the bottom long ago—hours ago."

"How did you escape?"

"Swam out, and clung to the spar. And you?'

"Happened by chance to grasp the ropes of this," said Kevin, motioning to the mast on which they were sitting.

"And your companion?"

"Did likewise."

"You were very fortunate."

"Which we may, under God, thank you for."

"Well, you've repaid me," said the captain gratefully. "If we can steer her safe to a landing place now! This surf near the shore is the most dangerous place of all."

With gradual growth of the brightening morning the gale abated. But the sea still remained very rough, and as the tide was flowing, the mast still was beaten shorewards by each succeeding wave.

Nearer and nearer by rapid degrees it advanced.

First, the cloud like horizon grew more distinct, and gave way to the hills and uplands. Then came white houses in the distance, on which the rising sun shed its pleasant rays, as indeed it did also on the white surf rushing past them—turning its crest into emerald and gold. Then also in the distance came clearer the rocks on the cliff, then the shining strands glistening with summer heat. Then they could see the bathing places, whereon crowds of people seemed to be assembled.

"Have you a handkerchief?" asked the captain.

Kevin said "No." "Convicts," said he brightly, "were not provided with them."

"You're not likely to be convicts long now," replied the captain; an assurance which, although they had realized that fact long before nevertheless added a new delight to their hearts and a new vigor to their arms.

"If you can put your hand in my pocket," said the captain, "you will find one."

"I'll try."

"Have you got it?"

"Yes."

"Then hold it up. Have you anything to hold it up with?"

"No," said Kevin, looking around for something.

"There's a piece of wreck, a floating splinter on the water. Could you reach it?"

"Yes; I've got it," said Kevin, as, after some dabbling with his foot, he succeeded in attracting it within reach.

"Put it through the handkerchief. Hold it up and wave it. They may see it."

Kevin did so, and, sitting as upright as he could, waved the handkerchief—waved it for some time.

"They see it!" exclaimed the captain joyfully.

"Are you certain?"

"Yes. At least I think so."

"No?"

"Yes, they do! Wave it again. Yes, they are running for the boats. They have launched them!"

"Are they coming this way?"

Kevin's position behind the others did not enable him to distinguish their movements.

"No, they're not, I'm afraid. They're going south. Keep waving the signal."

"My arms are growing tired," said Kevin. "I shall reel and fall off. I'm quite giddy. My head is reeling."

"Yes, they are! they are!" cried the captain. "They are pulling straight this way. Hurrah!"

They were indeed pulling straight in their direction. Lusty hands and manly forms, with the red and white caps of the Garronese fishermen, were pulling seaward rapidly towards them.

So rapidly that what was at first but a mere dim speck on the water, in thirty minutes or so showed itself to be a large boat pulled by six lusty oars, that, now riding on a white capped wave, now hidden from them in the trough of the sea, ever and always bravely came nearer and nearer.

No sentenced man in Ireland years ago, awaiting a reprieve, looked more anxiously for the white flag waving in the messenger's hands than did the men tumbling in on the broken mast look for the boat, as it dipped in the trough of the sea to reappear on the crest of the snow white wave!

Very soon, however, they came beside. Very soon their swarthy countenances, pleasant and smiling and full of welcome, took survey of them. And very soon the hail of voices speaking a tongue which none of them understood—save in its import of help and welcome and congratulation—came on their ears!

A grappling iron was quickly thrown to catch the mast, and friendly arms were extended to lift them off

Kevin first, as being the readiest with his hands to help himself inboard; the captain next, as having less use of himself, his limbs being numb with long suspension in the water.

And Phelim.

"What about Phelim? What's amiss with Phelim?" asked Kevin in great alarm, as three or four fishermen, leaning over the side of the boat, sought to break his hold on the ropes.

"What's amiss with Phelim? He's dead!" burst out Kevin, as he now remembered that for some time past he had not spoken.

"No, he's not dead" said the captain, as he bent over where the French fishermen were firmly but kindly essaying to relieve his tight grasp on the ropes, and to lift him in. "But he's insensible. The fatigue was too much for him."

"Perhaps the approach of freedom was too much for him," thought Kevin.

The ready hands of the Frenchmen with some difficulty shortened the matter by cutting the ropes that he held on to, and lifting his stiffened form into the boat.

Casting the mast adrift, they devoted their attention to him, and while one chafed his hands another bound his feet in warm blankets, and a third gently poured a few drops of strong brandy down his throat.

Thus steadily rowing back t[o] the land of France and freedo[m]

[CONTINUED NEXT WE[EK]

Mr. Bigger's Will

It is generally known, say[s] *Evening Telegraph*, that the [late] Biggar, M. P., was a very [wealthy] chant, and that, in addition [to] which he made in busines[s] a large sum—£40,000—fr[om] besides coming into posse[ssion] town Castle and some £1[,500] will of the late Mr. Sa[muel] Consequently, a great [deal] exists as to the nature an[d ex]tent of Mr. Biggar's last will and [testa]ment, and many rumors—some of which had no foundation in fact—have been circulated in regard thereto. The executors of the will are the Messrs. Power, members of parliament. The statement that the deceased left £20,000 or £30,000 to further the cause of education in Ireland is quite erroneous. No money has, we understand, been left for any such purpose. It is equally erroneous to say that a large windfall goes either to the Irish Nationalist Parliamentary party or the political cause with which Mr. Biggar was identified. Another rumor, also untrue, is that he devised an enormous sum to the Roman Catholic church, and left money for prayers for the repose of his soul. In fact, it is a remarkable circumstance that he has left nothing whatever for the latter purpose. The estate has been fairly divided among his relatives and more immediate friends, without distinction of religion or politics. Butlerstown Castle, of which the late Mr. Biggar was co-trustee with Mr. George L. MacLain, solicitor, under the will of the late Mr. Ferguson, passes, we believe, in accordance with certain arrangements which Mr. Biggar made, into the possession of Mr. T. M. Healy, M. P., who was always on terms, not only of intimacy, but affection with the member for Cavan.

We are not in a position to disclose the the entire contents of the will. Probate cannot be taken out for fourteen days, but doubtless the document will then be published in full, and it will likely show the same discrimination which characterised the honorable member through life.

It is current gossip in London that Mr. Biggar has left a large portion of his property to religious societies, and also that he has set apart a considerable sum for agrarian and political purposes.

Mr. Biggar had long been the greatest friend of the Catholic Sisters known as the Sisters of Bons Secours located at Bayswater. Recently they have opened a home at Battersea, and in the management of this Mr. Biggar felt so much interest that he took up his residence in the locality in order that he might be nearer the work. The Sisters gave succor to the sick poor, and Mr. Biggar contributed large sums almost monthly.

Consumption Surely Cured.

To the Editor:—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for Consumption. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and P. O. address. Respectfully, T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 181 Pearl St., N. Y.

GAELIC PROSE.

Notaidh air Staid na Gaedhilge.

[Irish-American.]

[AIR LEANAMHAIN.]

Mar shómpla so é mé féin, agus shaoilfeas go raibh mé eolach go maith air gach nidh a bhaineas le cúis na Gaedhilge, acht feuch, anns-súd i mBruachlíinn, tá'n Lóchánteach le bliadhantaibh as clódhbhuaileadh páipéir, a's gan aon fhios agam air a leithid. Ars anno táim anois le mí, ag failliughadh oibre na feilme, agus ag dóghadh ola an mheadhon-oidhche, ionnas go m-b' féidir liom mo chrónachd, agus mo gheurbhreitheamhnas do chur i láthair an domhain Eireannaigh; acht tar éis iomlán mo shaothair, is fé dir nach bh-fuil duine daoineadh a léigheas mo litreacha; agus nios measa 'ná sin uile, saoil a tá dubh a chlodhadóra tirm air mo cheud littir, so amach leis an Lóchánteach ag flafruigh: "Cia h-é an t-amadán neamh-eolach so? Cia h-é án cluanaire so a tá ag ceilt an t-saothair bhig a tá d'á deunamh?" Is trom an buille é sin do sgriobhnóir óg mar mé. Acht nach cuma liom. Do sgriobhas littir agus cuireadh i g-clódh í, agus air son na h-onóra sin táim sásda masla an domhain d'fhulaing. Ole mar do bhí Colonel Dibher, tá'n Lóchánteach nios neamh-thréaighe; dír do chuir an Colonel an locbd go h-iomlán air aineolas na Sacsanach agus daoineadh eile na h-Európa; acht cogarann a dheiseiobal i g-cluasaibh do léighthóiribh nach h-é m'aineolas mo locht is mó, acht go bh-fuilim ag ceilt foilsighthe an "Ghaodhail," an "Macalla," an "Chathruightheora." agus "Nualdheacht Thuama." Anois, dá g-congbhóchadh an Lóchánteach a chóta air a dhruim tamall, ní dheunfadh sé an eugeóir mór so orm; agus le sin, 'nuair ath-sgriobhann sé focla ó m'airtiogal do b'fearr iad d'ath-sgriobhadh go ceart. Ni dubhairt mé nach raibh aon phaipeur 'san domhan a chlódhbhuail Gaedhilig acht an "American Eireannach" agus "Irisleabhar na Gaedhilge" Atha-Cliath; dír d'admhuighseas in mo dara littir gur chlódhbhuail an "Cathruightheoir" Gaedhilig, agus nach raibh fhios agam air aon phaipeur eile acht é agus an "American Eireannach" a chlódhbhuail Gaedhilig 'san "d-tír so." Tá fhios agam air feadh bliadhan go bh-fuil roinn Gaedhilge 'san "Nuaidheacht Thuama;" acht in m'aineolas do shaoilfeas a g-comhnuidhe nach raibh baile Thuama 'san d-tír so, acht go raibh sé suighte in áit eigin thall dá i g-Coudae na Gaillimhe, in Eirinn. Is sé a dubhairt mé in mo cheud littir, nach raibh aon irisleabhar Gaedhilge againn 'san d-tír so. O sgriobhas an littir sin fuaras, tré chineáltas fir-eagar an páipéir so, beagán cóip de'n "Ghaodhal" agus de'n "Macalla," agus tar éis an dá phaipeur do sgrúdughadh go geur, deirim arís in mo chúigeadh littir, mar a dúbhras in mo cheud littir, go bh-fuilmid gan irisleabhar Gaedhilge 'san d-tír so—ní h-eadh, acht déarfad go bh-fuilmid gan irisleabhar *maith* Gaedhilge 'san d-tír so.

Tá a bharamhail féin ag gach duine air mhaitheas no air olcas gach nidh, agus mar an g-céadna is ro-náidrtha go m-béidheadh difir baramhala ag daoinibh air mhaitheas no air olcas irisleabhair. In mo littir dheighionaigh thug mise mo bharamhail air an t-seórt irisleabhair a tá teasduighthe uainn anseo, acht má tá gach duine sásta lé neithibh mar mhaireann siad agois, níl aon lochd agam-sa le fághail air a m-breithneamhnas. Ní mian liom aon fhocal a rádh in aghaidh an "Ghaodhal" no'n "Macalla;" mian liom aon fhocal cruaidh a rádh aghaidh fear-eagair na b-páipeur sin. Creidim mo chroidhe astigh go fuilid arsan ag gunamh a n-dithchioll, agus táid arsan ag gunamh a n-oibre mórán nios fearr 'ná do bheidir liom-sa í do dheunamh, acht ní fáth air ith sin nach labharfainn go h-iomraic do réir a' instiucthóra agus m fhaiceana, oir is minic a dhideann fear lochd in obair fir eile, gidh nach bh-fuil an cheud fhear sin cumasach leis an obair do dheunamh é féin. Feicim ó'n m-beagán cóip do fuaras go m-bídheann neithe maithe ins na páipeuribh so dá mb'eadh, agus mar nach bladaire mé, caithfidh mé rádh go m-bídeann mórán iontu, anois agus arís, nach bh-uil maith no tairbheach do chúis na Gaedhilge. Mar dhearbhadh na casaoide sin, feicim in uibhir Nodlag an "Ghaodhal," do chuiris chugam, a Shaoi, littir ró-bhreágh ó'n duine uasal Ristéird De h-Enebre, acht go míofhortúnach tá gearr-sgríbhinn ó'n bh-fear-eagair ag leanambaint na litre sin, agus do b' fearr go mór gan í a bheith ann, oir ní'l aon mhaith baille a thabhairt do chorp marbh, muna mian linn drochfhuil do chur air bun ameasg na m-beo.

Ag admháil gach maitheasa agus gach earráide na b-páipeur so, agus ag tabhairt nios mó 'ná 'n cheirt d' a maitheasaibh, is sí mo bharamhail go fóil go bh-fuil áit feabhuis ionta, agus go bh-fuil sé i g-cumas na n-Eireannach 'san d-tír so, irisleabhar nios fearr 'na ceachtar acu do bhunáitiughadh. Tá na státde Aontuighthe mór go leor do leath-scór páipeur clódhbhuailte i n-Gaedhilig agus ní'l aon fháth 'san domhan go n-deunfadh irisleabhar eile caill air bith do'n bheirt a tá air bun chéana. Bhéidheadh sé cho ceart do rádh nach cóir dúinn-ne an páipeur beag nuaidheachta a tá clódhbhuailte 'san m-baile a tá suighte trí mhíle ón' áit cómhnuidhe, do cheannach, do bhrígh go bh-fuil an "Teachdaire" clódhbhuailte i Nuadh Eabhrac. Nuair a cuirthear macsamhail an irisleabhair air do thráchtas, air bun, béidh na cóig dollar a d' ainmuigh an Lóchánteach róidn agam-sa; agus má bhídheann bárr maith arbhair, no luach árd air mhucaibh a m-bliadhna, is féidir go' rachfad an Lóchánteach dóbailte; dír má thariuigheann gach nidh mar is mian liom, cuirfead an "anté" suas go deich dollar no nios áirde.

FELIM UA TUATHAIL.

How England Treats Irish Soldiers.

[To *the Editor.*]

FORT ASSINIBOINE, Mont., March 4.—If this feeble effort to disclose a few facts receive a touch of your lucid pen, it will escape the doom of the waste basket. Like many of my countrymen, young and inexperienced, I was allured by the strains of martial music and gorgeous apparel to enlist in the English army before I was eighteen years of age. In 1883 I was in the Soudan expeditionary force in Egypt, helping to subjugate the Mahdi's troops who were then supposed to be in a wild insurrection. General Gordon being encompassed in Kartoum, Lord Wolsely offered a prize of £100 for the first regiment into Kartoum for his rescue. This arduous task of reaching Kartoum by going up the River Nile through its cataracts and other stupendous obstacles, was accomplished by the 18th Royal Irish regiment with whom I then served. For this forced march of 120 miles, which was covered in six days, each man (myself included) received a paltry medal and the thanks of her Majesty's parliament. When I returned to Ireland in 1887, "O horror of horrors," conceive my amazement when I beheld my home razed to the ground, my brother in jail under the coercion act, and my drooping parents reduced to almost abject poverty. But the poverty and affliction to which my parents were brought was nothing in comparison to the appaling scene of ruin and devastation that met my gaze on every side of the country.

Respectable farmers whom I had known in youth, were driven from their legitimate houses to die of starvation and sickness on the road side. Merchants paralyzed in commercial intercourse, shop keepers scarcely able to maintain their families, and the wheels of manufacturing progress impeded throughout the land. This is the recompence, comfort, and tranquility the English government bestowed upon my unhappy country while Irish prowess led the van of the British army through the scorching and frezz'ling sands of Egypt. This is the government that in one session expresses its thanks for Irish valor, and in the next passes a rigid coercion act for the destruction of the homes and property of the poor people that have, with their hard earnings, nursed and brought up the flower of the English army.

This is only an iota of the reward received from tyrannical Belfour and his sycophants after braving death for that Standard which he has so shamefully disgraced.

But, sir, I am encroaching on your valuable time by trying to give vent to those feelings that have not yet attained their full growth.

J. I. BURNS

Gaelic Athletic Games.

[To *the Editor.*]

CHICAGO, March 19—Need I say how heartily I endorse the sentiments expressed in Patrick Coughlin's letter which appeared in THE CITIZEN of March 15 under the title of the above heading. I can only wish that all the young Irishmen, resident in Chicago, shared similar feelings with regard to Gaelic athletic sports. But with all the devotion of the Irish people to their native land, to the memory of its heroes and martyrs they lack that zeal and enthusiasm which the revival of those old games and pastimes so deservedly warrant. Even apart from the national feature which those harmless exercises form in the history of Ireland, the advantages we derive physically and morally from outdoor recreations are abundant. The intellect is not only sharpened and invigorated, and the muscles of our body strengthened and more fully developed, but our social and moral character imbibes better and healthier nourishment.

But above all Irishmen should not be slow in reviving the ancient sports and pastimes of our mother country, for I believe nothing contributes so much to the energy, activity, and power of endurance of our down trodden and sorely-oppressed brethren as those exercises, especially foot ball and hurling, more particularly the latter. Our forefathers suffered more than any people living, visited as they were with every kind of persecution a despotic government could devise, yet they bore all patiently but defiantly. The wild halloo of the goal-keeper and the clashing of camans invariably cheered and animated the ill treated peasant against perils and hardships which would prostrate a much stronger frame. We, who listened to the tales told by our fathers of the great deeds performed at hurling and foot ball matches, told even of the dexterous use of the caman at the battle of Oulart Hill and the ever-memorable siege of Limerick, when a line of "hurlys" flourished in battle array, drove dismay into the ranks of the Prince of Orange and his forces, cannot but use every effort to revive and establish those old Gaelic sports and pastimes. Indeed I should be truly happy to see branches of the Gaelic Athletic Association started in this city, for as the poet says,

To me more dear, more congenial to my heart,
One native charm than all the gloss of art.

I see no difficulty in the way of organising and forming clubs in the lines laid down by the distinguished patrons of the association, the Archbishop of Dublin, Mr. Parnell, and Mr. michael Davitt. We have opportunities in this country that our brethren in the old country have not. Our freedom here is in no way embarrassed or any legitimate action in no way curtailed. I will, therefore, join with Mr. Coughlin in wishing that others will take up the matter and do their utmost to bring to a creditable and fitting position those lustrous features of our country's history, Gaelic games and sports.

JOHN W. WOLFE.

How Business Men Travel

The New York *Sun* in a recent article on "Busy Men on the Cars," referring to two prominent New York business men who have important interests in Chicago and New York, says: "Both men travel with small, light valises or dispatch boxes, which are constructed especially to hold papers, documents, telegraph blanks, pads, files, and so on. The amount of work accomplished in the twenty-five hours between Chicago and New York was usually very great, for there was practically no interruption, and schemes were figured out and decisions arrived at in practical tranquility, though they were most of the time running along at the rate of fifty miles an hour. The advantages of American railroad travel are eminent in a case of this sort, for a section or private compartment on this train, with movable tables, facilities for being shaved and eating meals at regular hours, practically give a man the advantages of his own office. It is the most successful effort yet to annihilate time and space."

The train referred to in this article is the Chicago and New York Limited (Wagner Vestibule) via the Lake Shore and New York Central route, leaving Van Buren street station every day at 5:30 p. m. F. M. Byron, city passenger and ticket agent, 66 Clark street; C. K. Wilber, western passenger agent.

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all other throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all other Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper. W. A. NOYES, 820 *Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.*

CATHOLIC CHURCH DIRECTORY.

Where the Different Churches are Situated and the Hours at Which Mass is Celebrated and Vespers Held.

The following directory is published for the benefit of the Chicago readers of THE CITIZEN, and Catholic visitors to the city:

Cathedral of the Holy Name—State and Superior sts. Masses at 5:30, 6:15, 7:45 and 9:30 a m; mass at 8:30 exclusively for children; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3:30 p m.

St. Patrick's—Adams and Desplaines sts. Masses at 6, 7, 8 and 9 a m; children's mass and choir at 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3:30 p m; services every Thursday 7:30 p m, in the chapel. Rev. Thos P. Gilligan, pastor. Residence 135 W. Adams st.

St. James'—Twenty-ninth st and Wabash ave. Masses at 6, 7, 8, 9 and 10 a m; high mass at 11; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. Hugh McGuire, pastor. Residence 2924 Wabash avenue.

Holy Family (Jesuit)—May and Twelfth sts. Masses at 5, 6, 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. J. I. Coghlan, S. J., pastor. Residence 413 W. Twelfth st.

St. Jarlath's—Jackson street and Hermitage ave. Masses at 6, 6:30, and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. Thomas P. Cashman, pastor. Residence 688 W. Jackson st.

St. Mary's—Wabash ave. and Eldridge court. Masses at 6, 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. M. A Murphy, pastor. Residence 543 Wabash avenue.

Church of the Nativity of Our Lord—Thirty-seventh and Dearborn sts. Masses at 6, 7, 8, and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3:30 p m. Rev. J. M. Cartan, pastor. Residence adjoining church.

St. Bridget's—Aragon ave. and Church st. Masses at 6, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. D. M. J. Dowling, pastor. Residence 2938 Archer ave.

All Saints' Church—Wallace st. and 35th place. Masses at 5, 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. E.J. Dunne, pastor. Residence 2549 Wallace st.

St. Procopius—Eighteenth and Alport sts. Masses at 6, 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10, with sermon; vespers at 3:30 p m. Rev. P. Nepomucuk Jaeger, O.S.B., pastor. Residence 704 Alport st.

St. Francis of Assisium—Corner of W. Twelfth st. and Newberry av. Masses at 6, 7:30 and 8:30 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. Ferdinand Kalvelage, pastor. Residence, 296 W. Twelfth st.

St. Stephen's—Corner of Ohio and N. Sangamon sts. Masses at 7, 9, and high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. S. M. A. Barrett, pastor. Residence 235 N. Sangamon st.

St. Peter's—Corner Clark and Polk sts. Masses at 5:30 and 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. Kilian Schloesser, O. S. F., pastor. Residence 440 S. Clarke st.

St. John's—Clark and Eighteenth sts. Masses at 6, 7:30 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. T. J. Butler, pastor. Residence 176 Eighteenth street.

Sacred Heart—Johnson and Nineteenth sts. Masses at 5, 6, 7, and 8:30 a m; children's mass at 8:30; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. H. Bronsgeest, S. J., pastor. Residence 49 W. Nineteenth st.

St. Columbkille's—Corner of Indiana and Paulina sts. Masses at 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. Thomas Burke, pastor. Residence 519 W. Indiana st.

St. Malachy's—Corner Walnut st. and Western av. Masses at 6, 7:30 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3:30 p m. Rev. Thomas P. Hodnett, pastor. Residence 333 Walnut st.

St. Pius—Corner Ashland av. and Nineteenth st. Masses at 6:30, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. F. S. Hennebery, pastor. Residence 884 Ashland av

St. Anthony of Padua—Corner of Mc-Gregor st. and Twenty-fourth place. Masses at 6 and 7:30 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. Peter Fischer, pastor. Residence 2434 Hanover st.

St John Nepomucene—Corner of Twenty-fifth st and Portland av. Mass at 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. Francis Bobal, pastor. Residence 188 Twenty-fifth st.

Church of the Assumption—Illinois st., between Franklin and Market sts. Masses at 6, 8, and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 7 p m. Rev. S. Moretti, pastor Residence 64 Illinois st.

Church of the Immaculate Conception B. V. M—N. Franklin near Schiller st. Masses at 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers 7:30 p m. Rev. P. J. Butler, pastor. Residence 497 N. Franklin.

St. Michael's—Corner Eugene and Hurlbut sts. Masses at 5:30, 6 and 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. Jos. Essing, C. SS. R., pastor. Residence 324 Hurlbut st.

Notre Dame de Chicago—Vernon Park place near Loomis st. Masses at 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. E. Bergeron, pastor. Residence 404 Congress st.

St. Vincent de Paul's—Corner Webster av and Osgood st. Masses at 6, 7:30 and 9; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30. Rev. Father Abbott, pastor. Residence adjoining church.

St. Paul's—Hoyne av. and Ambrose st. Masses at 8 and 10:30 am; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. E. Weber, pastor Residence 163 Ambrose st.

St. Aloysius—Thompson and Davis sts. Mass at 8 a m; high mass at 10:15 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. J. Thiele, pastor. Residence, adjoining church.

Church of the Immaculate Conception—2964 Bonfield st. Mass at 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 7 p m. Rev. George Ratha, pastor

Holy Trinity—Lincoln and Taylor sts. Mass at 8 a m.; high mass at 10; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. D. M. Thiele, pastor. Residence 833 West Taylor st.

Church of the Annunciation B. V. M.—Paulina st. and Wabansia ave. Masses at 7, 8, and 9 a. m.; high mass at 10:30; vespers and benediction at 3 p. m. Rev. Hugh O'Gara McShane, pastor; Residence 821 N. Paulina street.

St. Stanislaus Kostka—Noble and Ingraham sts. Masses at 5, 6, 7:30, 8, and 9:30 a. m.; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3 p. m. Rev. Vincent Barzynski, C.R. Residence adjoining church.

St. Charles Borromeo's — Twelfth and Cypress sts. Masses at 6 and 8:30 a. m high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3 p. m. Rev. P. D. Gill, pastor. Residence 78 Cypress st.

St. Mary's of Perpetual Help—Lancaster and Thirty-second sts. Mass at 8 a.m.; high mass at 10. Attended from St. Adalbert's, Seventeenth and Paulina sts.

St. Joseph's—North Market and Hill sts. Masses at 6, 7:30 and 8:30 a. m.; high mass at 10; vespers at 3 p. m. Rev. B. Dolwick, O.S.B., pastor. Residence 209 N. Market

Church of Our Lady of Sorrows—W Jackson and Albany sts. Masses at 6:30, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. A. Venturi, C. S., pastor Residence 1406 W. Jackson st.

St. George's—Wentworth ave., bet. 39th and 40th sts. Masses at 8 and 10 a. m.; Christian duties and vespers at 2:30 and 3 p. m. Rev. G. D. Heidmann, pastor. Residence 3919 Fifth av.

Holy Angels'—264 Oakwood Boulevard. Masses at 6, 7:30, 9 and 10 a. m; high mass at 11 a m; Sunday school at 2:30 p. m; vespers, instruction and benediction at 7:30 p m. Rev. D. A. Tighe, pastor.

St. Boniface's—Noble and Cornell streets. Masses at 7:30 and 9 a. m.; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3 p. m. Rev. Clement Venn, pastor. Residence, 94 Cornell st.

St. Wenceslaus'—DeKoven and Desplaines sts. Mass at 8 a. m.; high mass at 10; vespers at 3 p. m. Rev. Joseph Molitor, pastor. Residence 187 DeKoven st.

St. Josaphat's Church—Belden and Southport aves. Mass at 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 4 p m. Rev. K. Kozlowski, pastor. Residence 228 Southport av.

St. Adelbert—Corner Paulina and W. Seventeenth sts. Mass at 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. J. Radziejowski, pastor. Residence 712 W Seventeenth st.

DEATH OF GEN. CROOK.

The Intrepid Indian Fighter Suddenly Summoned.

STRICKEN WITHOUT ANY WARNING.

While Exercising with Dumb Bells, Immediately After Arising from Bed, He Has an Attack of Heart Disease and Dies in a Few Moments—Pitiable Grief of His Wife—A Brief Sketch of His Military Career.

CHICAGO, March 21.—Gen. George Crook died suddenly in his parlor at the Grand Pacific hotel shortly after 7 o'clock Friday morning. He retired Thursday night apparently in the best of health, and arose about half-past 6 Friday morning, and after partially dressing himself, entered the parlor where, as was his wont, he commenced to exercise with dumb bells. About fifteen minutes later his wife, who was attiring herself in an adjoining room, heard him call in faint voice "Mary, Mary." Upon responding she found the general reclining upon the sofa and evidently in pain.

GEN. CROOK.

A Physician Summoned.

His hands were pressed over his heart, and he was barely able to articulate, "Mary, I can hardly breathe." Greatly alarmed, Mrs. Crook rang for assistance, and messengers were dispatched for Dr. Hurlburt, whose office is about a block away. The physician quickly responded, but on his arrival expressed the opinion that the patient was beyond relief. Five minutes later Gen. Crook passed away as quietly as a sleeping baby.

Mrs. Crook's Pitiable Grief.

Mrs. Crook was overwhelmed by the terrible event and her grief was pitiable to witness. Col. Corbin and other members of the staff hurried to the hotel upon receipt of the news, and the war department was at once notified. The funeral will take place either at Washington or Oakland, Md. Gen. Crook had not been in the best of health for some time, although he did not consider it necessary to consult a physician.

Complained of His Heart.

A few weeks ago he went on a trip through the Indian territory accompanied by Gen. Strong and other officers, and on his return he frequently complained to members of his staff that his heart troubled him. The news created a profound sensation in the city and the rotunda of the hotel is crowded with friends and intimates of the deceased general.

A BRILLIANT CAREER.

History of Gen. Crook's Military Achievements Since 1852.

Gen. George Crooks, was born near Dayton, Ohio, Sept. 8, 1828. He was graduated at the United States Military academy in 1852, and was on duty with the Fourth infantry, in California in 1853-61. He was in the Rouge river expedition in 1856, and commanded the Pitt river expedition in 1857. In the latter he was wounded by an arrow. He had risen to a captaincy when at the beginning of the civil war he returned to the east and became colonel of the Thirty-sixth Ohio infantry. In 1862 he was wounded at Lewisburg, W. Va. For his services at Antietam he was brevetted lieutenant colonel, U. S. A. He was actively engaged in several campaigns during the war and took part in Sheridan's Shenandoah campaign, receiving the brevets of brigadier general and major general, U. S. A., March 13, 1865. He was mustered out of the volunteer service, Jan. 15, 1866.

A Great Indian Fighter.

July 28 he was commissioned lieutenant-colonel Twenty-third Infantry, United States army, and assigned to the district of Boise, Idaho, where he remained until 1872, actively engaged in Indian campaigns. In 1872 he was assigned to the Arizona district, where he quelled serious Indian disturbances. In 1875 he was sent to Wyoming, where, at Powder river, he defeated the unruly Sioux and Cheyennes. He continued his campaign in the northwest with relentless vigor until, in May 1877, all of the hostile tribes had yielded. In 1882 Gen. Crook returned to Arizona, where he forced squatters to vacate the Indian lands. In the following year when the Chiricahuas went on a raid, he pursued them and made 400 prisoners. During the two years following no depredations occurred, but in the spring of 1886, the Indians under Geronimo again went on the warpath. Gen. Crook pursued them and forced their surrender under conditions.

Relieved from Command.

The president declined to ratify his action and Gen. Sheridan telegraphed him that the only condition that could be made with Geronimo's band was that their lives would be spared. In the meantime Geronimo and some of his men escaped and Gen. Sheridan having criticised his campaign severely, Gen. Crook asked to be relieved from the command of the department of the Arizona. He was relieved and Gen. Miles was sent to take his place. Shortly after Geronimo and his band surrendered and were taken to Florida, where they are now. For nearly four years there has been a bitter controversy over the surrender, Gen. Crook's friends claiming that Gen. Miles had brought about the climax of what could not have been accomplished without Gen. Crook's antecedent work.

Made a Major General.

This controversy has gained in bitterness recently by the discussion of a bill which has passed the senate and is now pending in the house committee providing for the removal of Geronimo and his people to Fort Sill, I. T. Gen. Crooke favored the removal and Gen. Miles opposed it. When relieved of the command of the department of Arizona, Gen. Crooke was sent to Omaha in command of the department of the Platte. In 1888 on the retirement of Gen. Terry, he was made a major general and sent to Chicago in command of the division of the Missouri.

The Great Miners' Strike Ended.

LONDON, March 20.—The advance made by the striking coal miners has been conceded by fully half of the Yorkshire mine owners. Scotch coal miners to a number of 30,000 are working only four days a week, in the hope that they will secure on advance in wages. It is estimated that 280,000 miners are out of employment; an equal number of workers in other trades are consequently idle.

LATER.—The demands of the men for a 5 per cent. increase in wages, to be followed July 1 by an additional increase of the same proportions, have been acceded to by all employers and work will be resumed at once.

UNFORTUNATE JOHNSTOWN.

Another Flood Sweeps Down the Valley—Bridges in Danger.

JOHNSTOWN, Pa., March 22.—A steady rain during the forenoon to which was added a warm wind, caused the recent heavy fall of snow to melt rapidly, in consequence of which the streams began to rise in the early afternoon. Within two hours a rise of four feet was recorded. When this became known fear seized the people living in the lower part of the town, and they made haste to get to higher ground. To add to their terror, a heavy fog settled over the town. The water is still rising, and it is hard to predict how much more it will rise, but the outlook is that most of the bridges will give way, if nothing more serious. Two of the bridges have been closed to travel. Communication with Cambria is cut off by the back water.

Floods in West Virginia.

CHARLESTON, W. Va., March 22.—There were heavy rains all night and all the forenoon. It is feared that the Kanawha river will reach fully fifty feet at this place. If so, the greater part of the city will be under water. The residents of the lower part of the city are making preparations to remove their effects. At Kanawha falls the river is twelve feet high and rising rapidly. Elk river is rising at the rate of one foot an hour.

High Water at Pittsburg.

PITTSBURG, Pa., March 22.—Very high water is looked for in this vicinity within the next forty-eight hours, and in consequence the probable inundation of the lowlands is looked for. A thaw and a steady rain have set in which, with the large amount of snow on the mountains is certain to swell the rivers to unusual proportions. At noon the Monongahela river was eleven feet high.

THE INDIANAPOLIS HORROR.

Pitiable Condition of a Woman Whose Husband Is in the Ruins.

INDIANAPOLIS, March 20.—The board of inspectors ordered to examine the buildings on either side of the ruins of the Bowen-Merrill building have decided that the Wasson and Sloan blocks have to be torn down and preparations are being made to do so. The rear half of the Becker block yet standing will be pulled down first, and it is thought that when it fails the Sloan block will tumble also. Mayor Sullivan has decided that all buildings supposed to be in a shaky condition must be inspected and all that are found to be unsafe will be torn down.

Mrs. Woodruff's Anxiety.

It was decided to wait until all possibilities of another accident had been removed before renewing the search for Fireman Woodruff's body. Woodruff's widow is in a state bordering on insanity. She bore up bravely under the news of her husband's death and requested that his remains be brought home, rather than taken to the morgue. Ever since Tuesday morning the heart-broken woman has watched, without taking rest, for the remains of her husband. When told early Thursday morning that another building had fallen over his body, her anguish was heartrending. In spite of the advice of loving friends she continues her watch for her beloved dead.

Eight Clubs in the League.

NEW YORK, March 22.—There was a long session of the committee selected to solve the base ball question in the Fifth Avenue hotel. After the adjournment, late at night, it was announced on good authority that Indianapolis and Washington would withdraw, and that eight clubs instead of ten would battle for league honors this season. As soon as the Hoosiers and Senators resign, the players of the Indianapolis club will be transferred to New York, and the Giants will be greatly strengthened by the addition of Denny, Glasscock, Boyle, Bassett, Myers, and other players. Boston wants Boyle, the pitcher, and there is likely to be a row between Presidents Day and Soden.

Safe Robbers at Dubuque, Iowa.

DUBUQUE, Iowa, March 19.—Burglars blew open the safe in John Knoernschild & Son's butcher shop and got away with notes, certificates of deposit, and stock in various institutions to the amount of over $5,000. The members of the firm, who live over the store, heard the explosion and rushed downstairs. They found the store door fastened on the inside and by the time they had forced an entrance the burglars had fled with their booty. The burglars also bored several holes in the door of the National Iron and Brass company's safe, but were frightened off before accomplishing their purpose. This is the sixth safe cracked in Dubuque within a month.

The Prince of Wales at Berlin.

BERLIN, March 21.—Emperor William, in company with the Empress Frederick and other royalties, received the Prince of Wales on his arrival at the railway station Friday. As the prince stepped from the railway carriage the English anthem was played by the band. The emperor wore the uniform of the English dragoons and the Prince of Wales that of a German general. The emperor and the prince, escorted by a company of cavalry, proceeded in a carriage to the royal castle, the route to which was crowded with people who cheered the royal personages to the echo.

Fatally Shot by a Burglar.

UPPER ALTON, Ills., March 19.—Ex-State Senator Gillham was shot in the breast and mortally wounded in an encounter with a burglar in his residence early in the morning. The burglar escaped and the special police of the city, joined by the entire night police force of Alton, have been in pursuit of him all day. Word came in from the posse late at night that the man was in close quarters and would probably be captured.

The World's Fair Bill.

WASHINGTON CITY, March 19.—Candler of Massachusetts presented in the house Wednesday the report of the special committee on the world's fair. The committee has given careful consideration to the statements of the representatives of the finance committee of the city of Chicago as to the subscriptions of the stock of $5,000,000, and believes the subscriptions to be bona fide, that they are made in good faith, and that they will be paid.

The Bible in the Schools.

MADISON, Wis., March 19.—The supreme court has decided in the case of Weiss against the district board of education that the reading of the Bible in public schools is "sectarian instruction," and therefore unconstitutional. This is a victory for the Catholics, who objected to the reading of the Bible in the schools and brought suit against the board.

Murderer Cheatham Hanged.

GRENADA, Miss., March 19.—Mel. J. Cheatham was hanged at half-past 1 o'clock Wednesday afternoon for the murder of a negro named James Tillman.

TO BE HELD IN 1893.

Some Amendments to the World's Fair Bill.

LADY MANAGERS TO BE APPOINTED.

They Will Perform Such Duties as May Be Prescribed by the Commission—The Debate on the Bill Opened by Chairman Candler, Who Says Chicago Has Proved Herself Equal to What Was Expected of Her.

WASHINGTON CITY, March 25.—In the house Tuesday immediately after the approval of the journal Candler of Massachusetts called up for consideration the world's fair bill. The bill was read in extenso. An amendment was adopted providing for the appointment of a board of lady managers to perform such duties as may be prescribed by the commission. An amendment was also adopted providing that one of the members of the board created to be charged with the selection of the government exhibit, shall be chosen by the fish commission. Candler opened the debate, and expressed the satisfaction which he felt in being able to state that Chicago had proved itself before the committee equal to all that had been expected of it.

Postponed to 1893.

Candler then offered an amendment, to be considered as pending, providing for the dedication of the buildings of the world's fair, with appropriate ceremonies, Oct. 12, 1892, and further providing that the exposition shall be opened to visitors not later than May 1, 1893, and close not later than Oct. 30, 1893. He said that this postponement was not asked by Chicago. After a short debate the amendment was agreed to.

Murder at a Charivari.

OIL CITY, Ont., March 25.—On Saturday, at Holmesdale, three miles east of here, William McFadden shot and killed a man named Myers, alias Black. McFadden and his wife separated a week ago and she went to live with Myers. On Saturday night a crowd gathered for the purpose of charivaring them. Two of the party carried shotguns. Myers was called out and the crowd demanded treat money. Myers stepped back to get it, and the shot was fired. At the inquest a witness swore he saw McFadden fire the shot. McFadden is under arrest.

Where Is Her Big Brother?

PHILADELPHIA, March 25.—Count di Montercole, the Italian who married Miss Virginia Knox, of Pittsburg, was arrested in this city charged with distributing libelous circulars on the public streets. The count had been forcing the circulars, which were defamatory of his wife's character, upon passers-by until taken into custody. Montercole followed his wife to this country after she was compelled to leave him on account of his poverty. For some time past he has been living in poverty in the Italian quarter of this city.

Depression of New York Agriculture.

ALBANY, N. Y., March 25.—In the senate Tuesday the annual report of the state assessors was presented. It says: "There continues to be marked depreciation in the value of farm lands in nearly every county, and the depression among the farmers continues, while the prospect for improvement is not good. Many assert that after paying expenses they cannot realize from their farms sufficient to pay the interest on mortgages, and consequently thousands of farms are falling into the hands of the mortgagees."

Kicking Against the Sugar Schedule.

NEW ORLEANS, March 25.—The committee appointed by the sugar producers' convention held here March 21 to prepare a protest against the proposed reduction of sugar duties, have made a report in which they declare that the change from specific to ad valorem duty would destroy the best sugar industry now becoming established in California, Nebraska, and Kansas. The change in the color line would also be disastrous to refiners and wipe out that industry as well as the producing industry.

Coke Miners on Strike.

SCOTTSBORO, Pa., March 25.—Three hundred and fifty miners are on strike at the Port Royal coke mines of W. J. Rayney, because of the discharge of six Knights of Labor. Rayney operates several other mines, and it is feared the trouble will extend to them all. The cokers of the Overton works are locked out on account of a dispute with the company growing out of the employment of a non union man two days ago. Over 100 men are affected.

Death of a Prominent Southerner.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., March 25.—Judge William L. Jackson died in the morning at 3:45, at the Fifth Avenue hotel of Bright's disease in the 65th year of his age. Judge Jackson was a member of Stonewall Jackson's staff during the late war; was lieutenant-governor of Virginia, and has presided over the Jefferson county circuit court here for the past seventeen years. He was the most prominent criminal judge in Kentucky.

Big Coal Mines Located.

NEW YORK, March 25.—A special to The Herald from Chamberlain, S. D., says: Ever since the Sioux reservation was opened prospectors have been looking for the coal deposits that are known to exist there. News has reached here that some citizens of Rapid City have located some big coal mines 130 miles west of here. The Indians say that as these deposits are on their lands they will drive the invaders out of the country.

Sudden Death of Father Donnelly.

NEW YORK, March 25.—The Very Rev. Father Arthur J. Donnelly, died very suddenly shortly before 1 o'clock in the morning at his home, 383 Ninth avenue. Father Donnelly succeed Dr. McGlynn in St. Stephen's parish until a permanent successor was appointed, when he returned to his own parish, St. Michaels. Father Donnelly was 72 years of age.

Accident on a Coal Plane.

SHENANDOAH, Pa., March 25.—The rope of the coal plane at the Indian Ridge colliery broke Monday and a loaded car thus liberated dashed from the top to the bottom of the plane and killed Michael Murtician, a Polish laborer. A young man named Robert Tempest was severely injured. Several men barely escaped with their lives.

In Favor of the Sitting Member.

WASHINGTON CITY, March 25.—The house committee on elections have decided the contested cases of Posey against Parrett from the First district of Indiana, and Bowen against Buchanan from the Ninth Virginia district, in favor of the sitting members, both Democrats.

ARMY AND NAVY CIRCLES.

They Are Much Interested in the Three Court-Martials in Progress.

WASHINGTON CITY, March 24.—Army and navy affairs are receiving serious consideration here, attention being directed to them by the fact that there are now three court-martials in progress, viz.: The Steele-Wilds case in Chicago; the McCalla case in Brooklyn, and the Healy case in San Francisco. In each case the commanding officer is being tried on charges of unwarranted severity and cruelty to those under them.

There May Be Another One.

It is probable that the troubles in Rear Admiral Walker's squadron of evolution will result in a court of inquiry when the squadron returns to the United States, and a court of inquiry may be ordered in the case of Lieutenant Commander Longnecker at Newport, R. I. The facts that such a state of affairs exists is attracting congressional attention, and resolutions of inquiry into the number of convictions of soldiers and sailors by court-martial will probably be offered in congress this week.

She Was "On the Marry."

SHELBYVILLE, Ill., March 24.—Mrs. Mary E. Kesler, of this city, a charming widow of 45 summers, has brought suit against rich old Zachariah Moore, of Dry Point township, for breach of promise. Before proposing to Mrs. Kesler, Zachariah, who is a very cautious man and wanted to make no mistake, inquired of a neighbor: "Is Mrs. Kesler on the marry?" The neighbor, not being advised of the widow's views, told him to propose the question direct. This he did and was accepted, but now he refuses to take her for better or for worse. The jilted widow says her affections have been wounded to the extent of $3,000.

Pension for Gen. Jackson's Widow.

WASHINGTON CITY, March 24.—The application of Mrs. Thomas J. Jackson for pension for the services of her late husband, Gen. "Stonewall" Jackson, in the war with Mexico has been received in the pension office. The affidavit of Gen. James Longstreet, certifying to the service of Gen. Jackson during the Mexican war, accompanies it. They were comrades in that struggle, as well as in the war of the rebellion. There is also the affidavit of Dr. Joseph Graham, who was present at her marriage July 15, 1857, with Gen. Jackson. Commissioner Raum says there is no reason why this should not be granted.

Senator Blair and His Bill.

WASHINGTON CITY, March 24.—Senator Blair's wife told a friend a few days ago that she dared not think of the effect upon Senator Blair if his educational bill were defeated. His whole mind has been so centered on it that fears have been expressed that it might give way. Senator Blair's eccentricities have been increasing of late years and he has become a monomaniac upon his bill. He is convinced that there is a conspiracy against him—a conspiracy among his brother senators to undo and defeat him in every way, and a conspiracy of the press to harm him in every other possible way.

War on Chinese Laundrymen.

NEW YORK, March 24.—Chinatown is much excited over the fight inaugurated against the Chinese laundrymen by the American Master Laundrymen's association. Chinamen from all over New York and vicinity were Sunday congregated on Mott street and the reabouts discussing the question. No meeting, as far as could be learned, was held. Henry M. Heymann, the lawyer, who does a large part of the Chinese law business in this city, said the laundrymen, of whom there are 3,500 in this city, would fight. They were only awaiting the initiative from the other side.

Death of Gen. Schenck.

WASHINGTON CITY, March 24.—Gen. Robert C. Schenck died at his home on Thomas circle at 6 o'clock in the evening. The pneumonia symptoms developed into diphtheria and he sank rapidly. His mind was clear to the last. His three daughters were with him and also Miss Bates and Miss Sedgwick, old friends of the family. The remains will be taken to Dayton, Ohio, where the funeral will probably be held Wednesday. Owing to the contagious nature of diphtheria all the services will be as private as possible.

A Messenger Boy's Explanation.

NEW YORK, March 24.—Kollman Newman, a Western Union messenger, aged 18, was held in $300 bail in the Tombs police court for opening a sealed envelope containing a message given to him to deliver. The complaint was made by Edward Dreick, the chief clerk of the delivery department. Newmark explained that he wanted to see if the message was important; otherwise he thought there was no need for him to hurry in making the delivery. All the other boys, he said, were accustomed to judge of dispatches in this manner.

Supreme Court Decision.

WASHINGTON CITY, March 24.—The supreme court of the United States has rendered a decision in the cases of the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul and the Minneapolis and Eastern railroads against the Minnesota railroad commission, involving the validity of the commission's act in fixing rates under state law. The court reverses the decisions of the supreme court of Minnesota which were generally favorable to the railroads in both cases and directs a review in the state court.

Ex-Senator Jones, of Florida.

NEW YORK, March 24.—A Detroit, Mich., dispatch to The Herald says: An effort will be made this week to have ex-Senator Jones, of Florida, sent to the Kalamazoo asylum. He is becoming more pronouncedly insane daily, and there are grave fears that he may do himself or some others injury. Senator Jones knows that such a movement is on foot and declares that he will never be imprisoned alive.

A Real Hero.

HALIFAX, N. S., March 24.—An epidemic of diphtheria has swept over Bruin, New Foundland. There is no doctor in the district and the sufferers were attended by Rev. Father Walsh, who, with his own hands, cleaned out the throats of his victims. Of forty cases that the priest attended only one proved fatal. The priest took the disease himself and died after a few days' illness.

Would Not Attend on Sunday.

JACKSONVILLE, Fla., March 24.—Mrs. Harrison and party attended church Sunday very quietly, and in the afternoon Mr. and Mrs. Russell Harrison, Mrs. Wanamaker, and Mrs. Wilson visited the sub-tropical exposition. Mrs. Harrison objected to going because it was Sunday.

President Farlow Dead.

BOSTON, March 24.—Hon. John S. Farlow, president of the Cincinnati, Sandusky and Cleveland railroad, died suddenly at his residence in Newton.

THE BROWN'S.

Brown has a houseful of girls and boys,
Rosy and healthy and full of noise.
They are sprightly at work and bright at their books,
And are noted for smartness and wit and good looks.
Brown is healthy, his wife is fair,
And their faces are free from wrinkles and care:
They spend no money for powders and pills,
And never a dollar for doctors' bills.

The reason the Brown's are so exempt from sickness is the fact that by an occasional course of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery they keep their blood, which is the fountain of life and strength, pure and rich. In this way their systems are fortified to ward off attacks of fever, and other dangerous diseases.

Those not so prudent, who have become sufferers from torpid liver, biliousness, or "Liver Complaint," or from any of the innumerable diseases caused by impure blood, will find the "Golden Medical Discovery" a positive remedy for such diseases.

Especially has the "Discovery" produced the most marvelous cures of all manner of Skin and Scalp diseases, Salt-rheum, Tetter, Eczema, Erysipelas, and kindred diseases. Not less wonderful, have been the cures effected by it in cases of "Fever-sores," "White Swellings," "Hip-joint Disease," and old sores or ulcers. It arouses all the excretory organs into activity, thereby cleansing and purifying the system, freeing it from all manner of blood-poisons, no matter from what source they have arisen.

"Golden Medical Discovery" is the only blood and liver medicine, sold by druggists, under a **positive guarantee** from its manufacturers, of its benefiting or curing in every case, or money paid for it will be returned. WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Manufacturers, 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

CATARRH IN THE HEAD is conquered by the cleansing, antiseptic, soothing and healing properties of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. 50 cts., by druggists.

THE NEWS IN BRIEF.

A cyclone killed one man, injured several others, and ruined much property in Edgemore, S. C.

Lieut. Cattum, of the New Orleans Continental guards, an organization composed of prominent and wealthy white men, has been expelled because he refused to publish a card exonerating the negro armorer from unjust charges.

The charred bodies of two men and a woman were found in the ruins of a fire which destroyed the Stetson-Post block in Seattle Friday night.

Options on nine large Kentucky distilleries have been secured by a British syndicate.

Will Frost shot and killed Luke Matson at Fidelity, Ill., Saturday. Matson had been a witness against Frost in a divorce case. The murderer was jailed.

A new counterfeit dime which closely resembles the genuine has been put in circulation in New York.

President Harrison has returned from his ducking trip in Maryland with a bag of game.

Orsman C. Nichols, of Eola, Ill., shot himself through the heart.

Nauvoo (Ills.) vinters have purchased several million small paper bags, one of which they propose to place over each bunch of grapes grown this fall, in order to protect them from blight.

M. Bartholdi wants "Liberty" island in New York harbor converted to an American pantheon, with his statue of Liberty as the centerpiece.

A Paris bankrupt selected the door-sill of the morgue as a place for suicide.

Joseph Dillingham, aged 27, of Lamar, Ottawa county, Kan., killed himself because he had been jilted by a young woman.

Guthorn Olson, a faith curist, was Saturday indicted in New York for manslaughter in the second degree for allowing his 10-months-old son to die without medical attendance.

The Chicago Wholesale Shoe and Leather association has protested to congress against any duty on hides.

John B. Curtis, of Portland, Me., has made nearly $1,000,000 in the manufacture of chewing gum.

Senator Blair has reintroduced his educational bill, modified so that the appropriation demanded is $60,000,000.

Announcements are made of the wedding engagement of Gen. Rosecrans' daughter to Governor Toole, of Montana.

Baron de la Grange, a French nobleman, now in Baltimore, has ordered a lot of American corn cob pipes to be sent as a present to the Comte Jean de Kergorley, 17 Rue Matignon, Paris.

A bill has been introduced into the legislature of Ohio to provide separate schools for colored children.

BISMARCK'S SUCCESSOR.

Gen. Von Caprivi Appointed Chancellor of the Empire.

BERLIN, March 18.—It was stated Monday evening that both Prince Bismarck and Count Herbert Bismarck had resigned and that the emperor had accepted the resignation of the chancellor.

The emperor has accepted Prince Bismarck's resignation of the chancellorship.

BERLIN, March 19.—The appointment of Gen. Von Caprivi as chancellor of the German empire to succeed Prince Bismarck is announced.

In a letter addressed to the emperor Prince Bismarck gives his age and failing health as reasons for his retirement from the chancellorship. The emperor was subjected to a strong pressure to settle the present difficulty as soon as possible by the appointment of a successor to Bismarck.

A Marvelous East Indian Cannon.

It is 17½ feet long, 5 feet and 6 inches around the muzzle, with a caliber 18 inches across. By the natives it is called Jaun Kushall, or the destroyer of life. History does not record the date of its casting, which the superstitious people attribute to the gods, doctas or divinities. Persian inscriptions on this great death dealer prove that it has been captured in some war with that country, but the letters and characters are so nearly obliterated that the date cannot be ascertained. The cannon has rested for ages between two mammoth trees of the peepul species, which have grown so firmly around it that it could not be removed without felling one or both of them. Tradition says that the cannon has been fired once, and that the ball was impelled twenty-four miles!—St. Louis Republic.

THE MARKETS.

CHICAGO, March 24.

Quotations on the board of trade to-day were as follows: Wheat—No. 2 March, opened and closed 80¼c; May, opened 80¾c, closed 81c; July, opened 78¼c, closed 79c. Corn—No. 2 March, opened and closed 28¾c; May, opened and closed 29¾c; July, opened and closed 31½c. Oats—No. 2 March, opened and closed 21¾c; May, opened 21¾c, closed 22c; July, opened 21¾c, closed 21¾c. Pork—March, opened and closed $10.40; May, opened $10.45, closed $10.55; July, opened $10.57½, closed $10.67½. Lard—March, opened $6.02½, closed $6.15.

Live stock—The following were the quotations at the Union stock yards: Hogs—Market opened fairly active; light grades 5c lower; heavy lots steady; light grades, $3.95@4.15; rough packing, $4.00@4.10; mixed lots, $4.00@4.20; heavy packing and shipping lots, $4.15@4.30. Cattle—Steady; beeves, $3.40@5.00, with one lot at $5.5; cows, $1.50@3.25; stockers and feeders, $2.40@3.75. Sheep—Market firm; muttons, $4.50@6.00; corn-fed westerns, $5.00@5.90; lambs, $5.50@6.75.

Produce: Butter—Fancy Elgin, 25@25½c; fine creameries, 24@25c; dairies, finest, fresh, 20@23c; packing stock, 14@15c. Eggs—Strictly fresh, 13c per doz. Dressed poultry—Chickens, 10½@11c per lb; turkeys, 10@13c per lb; ducks, 12@12½c; geese, 7@9c per lb. Potatoes—Peerless, 35@35 per bu; Beauty of Hebron, 38@40c per bu; Burbanks, 40@45c per bu. Illinois sweet potatoes, good to fancy, $3.25@3.75. Apples—Good to fancy, $3.00@3.75 per bbl. Cranberries—Wisconsin bell and cherries, $8.50@9.00 per bbl.

New York.

NEW YORK, March 24.

Wheat—No. 2 red winter, 90½c cash; do May, 85¾c; do June, 87¾c; do July, 85¾c. Corn—No. 2 mixed, 38c cash; do April, 36¾c; do May, 37½c; do July, 38¼c. Oats—Quiet; No. 2 mixed, 29c cash; do April, 28¼c; do May, 27½c. Rye—Nominal. Barley—Nominal. Pork—Dull; mess, $11.50@12.00 for new. Lard—Dull; April, $6.43; May, $6.44; July, $6.51.

Live Stock: Cattle—Firm and steady prices fully sustained; steers, $4.90@5.25 ₩ 100 lbs; bulls and dry cows, $1.65@3.12½. Sheep and Lambs—Market firm and steady; sheep, $5.50@6.50 ₩ 100 lbs; lambs, $6.25@7.75. Hogs—Market firm; live hogs, $4.40@4.70 ₩ 100 lbs.

Toledo.

TOLEDO, March 24.

Wheat—Firm; dull; cash, 87½@87¾; May, 83¾c; July, 80c; August, 79c. Corn—Quiet; cash, 31c; May, 31½c. Oats—Firm; cash, 27c bid; May, 24c bid. Clover seed—Firm; dull; cash and March, $3.35; April, $3.38; October, $3.60 bid.

St. Louis.

ST. LOUIS, March 24.

Wheat—Higher; cash, 78½c; May, 78¼@78¾c; July, 75½@75¾c. Corn—Lower; cash, 35½c; May, 36½c; July, 37½c. Oats—Cash nominal; May firm, 29½c. Pork—Firm; jobbing, $10.50. Lard—Nominally $5.90. Whisky—Steady; $1.08.

Milwaukee.

MILWAUKEE, March 24.

Wheat—Stronger; No. 2 spring on track, cash, 74c; May, 74c bid; No. 1 northern, 82c. Corn—Firm; No. 3 on track, 29c. Oats—Firm; No. 2 white on track, 24c. Rye—Higher; No. 1 in store, 44@44½c. Barley—Steady; No. 2 in store, 62½@63c.

THE CITIZEN.

JOHN F. FINERTY,
CHIEF EDITOR.

Office, Unity Building, 79 Dearborn-St.

TERMS:

One Year, Single Subscription.....$2.50
Six Months.....1.25
Single Copies.....05
Clubs of five, ten, or more, by mail, yearly each.....2.00

All Subscriptions payable in Advance.

Entered at the Postoffice Chicago, for transmission through the Mail as second-class matter.

The publishers will not be responsible for any money forwarded through the mail, unless it is sent by Express Money Order, Postoffice Order, Draft, or Registered Letter.

Communications of a literary nature should be addressed to the editor. All business letters should be addressed to THE CITIZEN Newspaper Company.

CHICAGO, MARCH 29, 1890.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
Corner Clark and Washington Sts. — Booth and Modjeska.

McVICKER'S THEATRE.
Madison-st., between Dearborn and State—"Bootle's Baby."

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Clark and Dearborn—J. B. Polk in "The Silent Partner."

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st., between Clark and LaSalle—"The Prince and the Pauper."

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.
Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—Herrmann.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.
West Madison-st., between Halsted and Union—"Capt. Swift."

HAVLIN'S THEATRE.
Wabash avenue and Nineteenth street—"Will o' the Wisp."

JACOB'S CLARK STREET THEATRE.
Corner of North Clark and Kinzie Streets—"Woman Against Woman."

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.
Halsted street near Madison. — Corinne in "Under the Lash."

NATIONAL PANORAMA.
Wabash-av. and Hubbard-court—Battle of Gettysburg. Open from 9 a.m. to 10 p.m., Sundays included.

PANORAMA—NAVAL BATTLE.
Michigan ave., between Madison and Monroe streets—The great naval battle between the Monitor and Merrimac.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

GEN. GEORGE CROOK.

The very sudden death of the brave and beloved Gen. Crook has shocked the nation he so gallantly defended as well as the army on which his many gallant deeds reflected glory. Gen. Crook was, in every way, a remarkable man. He was a direct descendant of patriotic sires who fought for their country against George III during the Revolutionary War, and who lived to see the stars of liberty emblazoned on the banner of the free. George Crook first saw the light on an Ohio farm, near the fair city of Dayton, in the year 1829. He was appointed, when he arrived at proper age, to West Point Military Academy by the late Gen. Robert C. Schenck, who represented the Dayton district in Congress. He graduated in 1853 and proceeded almost immediately to the frontier as lieutenant in the Fourth infantry. He served with conspicuous gallantry against the hostile Indians of the Pacific coast until the breaking out of the Civil War, when he became colonel of the Thirty-sixth Ohio Volunteers. He served with distinction in the Army of West Virginia, and also in the Army of the Potomac. Although, by training and association an officer of infantry, like his room-mate, class-mate and bosom friend, the late Gen. Sheridan, it was his destiny to lead great bodies of cavalry during the Virginia campaigns, and also in Tennessee and Georgia. Crook was never a showy or noisy hero. He was the embodiment of military coolness and fortitude. Swept away by the tide of defeat, or riding on the routed rear of the flying enemy, he was always the same man. He took every turn of fortune with cool philosophy, and always had faith in the American people, whose cause was just; and in the American army whose valor preserved the Union.

He stood the brunt of the disaster at Cedar Creek in the morning, when his division was virtually swept from the ground by superior numbers, but when Sheridan, after his celebrated ride to the rescue from Winchester, reached the field of the lost battle, there he found George Crook, his clothes torn by bullets, and his face grimy with the smoke of conflict, as quiet, cheerful and resolute as if the army had not been temporarily routed. Crook immediately set about rallying the relics of his command, and was with them, in line of battle, when Sheridan ordered that brilliant forward movement which plucked the laurels from the brow of Early and transferred them to his own. Sheridan always entertained the most lively affection for Crook, although, in temperament, no two men could have been more dissimilar. Crook regarded Sheridan as one of the first of generals, but he always deprecated the reckless manner in which that hero went under fire, when an accident to him would certainly have ended in disaster to the army, and, perhaps, to the Union cause. But, although Crook could find fault with the daring courage of "Fighting Phil," he himself stood under fire like a Spartan, and never flinched from the fiercest showers of the leaden hail of death. He received several severe wounds in the course of his career, and carried with him in his body to the grave an Indian arrowhead and several Confederate bullets.

He ably seconded Sheridan throughout the campaign of Five Forks, Dinwiddie Court House and Appomattox. He was present at Lee's surrender, and was one of the first generals who hastened, under the orders of the generous Grant, to ration the brave surrendered, and half-starved, Army of Northern Virginia.

Crook's after career has placed him among the foremost of Indian conquerors. He quieted the Snakes and the Bannocks in Idaho, and then, while Lieutenant Colonel of the Twenty-third Infantry, took command in Arizona. He found that territory overrun by the ferocious Apache Indians. Life and property were held of no account by the rampant savages, and the white settlers, especially those with families, "grew pale for fear." Crook, with the small force at his command, immediately took the field. Finding that he could not make a proper impression on the wily and treacherous enemy with white troops alone, he resolved to fight fire with fire, and, having obtained permission from the War Department, enlisted such able bodied Apaches as remained at peace to fight the Apaches who were on the war path against the whites. Wiseacres shook their heads and said that the experiment would prove a failure; but, on the contrary, it turned out to be a brilliant success. Within two years Crook thrashed the recalcitrant savages into submission, and, in 1873, General Grant, then President, recognizing his splendid services, promoted him to the rank of Brigadier General, raising him over the heads of many senior field officers.

Gen. Crook became commander of the Department of the Platte, in 1875, just when the great Indian troubles began in earnest. From the initial battle of his troops with Crazy Horse, on March 17 1876, until that wild chief surrendered in the spring of 1877, he allowed the Sioux and their allies no peace. He kept after them with unflagging ardor until he starved them into submission. As far as the field operations went, the savages proved themselves excellent fighters and left the army little to boast of in the way of decisive victories; but, of course, knowing the country, and well provided with horses, the aborigines were able to elude the troops when the latter were strong, and to combine against them when weak. To Generals Crook and Miles must be accorded the credit of having terminated the Sioux conflict with credit to the American people.

Gen. Crook's leading characteristic was modesty of deportment. He was always dignified and a strict disciplinarian, but he frowned upon tyranny in any shape. He bore himself alike to all who approached him, however high or humble. Like General Grant, he was very reticent when among strangers, but in company with those whom he knew and trusted, he was a most entertaining conversationalist. Although very quiet in manner, no man in the whole army enjoyed a ludicrous story more than the deceased general. His word was his bond, with white, red and black men alike. He always kept faith with the Indians, and they either feared or loved him—generally, strange as it may seem, the latter. His long residence among the savages had begotten a sympathy for their misfortunes which more or less controlled his actions, when he had the wild warriors in his power. He made them understand, first of all, that he represented the American government in the field, and that the government would stand no nonsense. Then, if they agreed to submit to the inevitable, he treated them as if they were white men, and, as a general thing, they would enlist under his command and fight against former allies with remarkable zeal and fidelity. Crook frequently trusted his life to the wild Indian scouts, and they never betrayed him. In fact, so great was the good man's moral force, that he rode into the dread Geronimo's camp for the purpose of negotiating with the formidable savage, attended by only two staff officers! Geronimo, struck by the sublime courage of the quiet, undaunted veteran, was absolutely paralyzed by the audacity of the act. When he recovered from his astonishment, Crook had taken his departure and was safe within his own lines. Not another general of the American army could have left his card, so to speak, with Geronimo and lived.

Gen. Crook, with five officers of his staff, attended the Irish-American Club banquet and reception at the Auditorium on Monday evening, March 17—the last entertainment of the kind he was destined to attend. He and his officers were received there with every mark of respect and hospitality. The General expressed himself greatly pleased with the demonstration and the proceedings, and enjoyed himself in his usual quiet manner. His death, on the following Friday morning, came without a second's warning. He fell dead as if shot. His noble wife was with him in the final moment. This was at least, a consolation. The remains of the dead hero were laid to rest in the cemetery at Oakland, Md., on Monday, March 24. Such is human existence, and such the lesson of life's dread uncertainty. Only one week intervened between the banquet and the grave!

Yet, General Crook died without agony, and his face looked calm and peaceful in death. The affection borne him by those who were nearest to him in his profession was exemplified by the tears that rolled down the bronzed cheeks of veterans who had trod a hundred battle fields. When such men weep, the heart must be deeply stirred indeed. The tears of one hero weeping above the bier of another are more significant than all the shots ever fired above the last resting place of the soldier. The words addressed by the poet to another soldier, whose fame still fills the world, would seem applicable in this connection—

> Who can tell thy warriors' grief
> Maddening o'er that long adieu?
> Woman's love and friendship's zeal—
> Dear as both have been to me—
> What are they to what I feel,
> With a soldier's faith, for thee?

General Crook's career will ever hold a high place in American history. If honor, humanity and justice can embalm the memory of a brave man, George Crook will not be forgotten while America exists.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT'S THEORIES.

Mr. Theodore Roosevelt, of New York, is often rather dogmatical in his public utterances. He means well, no doubt, but a man of his celebrity ought to be more careful in dealing with questions of which he has but hearsay knowledge. In his talk at the Marquette Club banquet, on Tuesday night, Mr. Roosevelt is reported as having said: "You have put down or punished, even if not altogether adequately, two foul foreign conspiracies which were hatched in your midst. You dealt with the Anarchist dynamite throwers as they deserved, and you also dealt with, though not as severely as they deserved, the members of a foreign dynamite society who, on account of a faction quarrel, had murdered an American citizen. I have full faith that you will visit any future offenders of the same sort with even prompter and severer punishment whether they are found in the ranks of the Anarchists on the one side, or of the Clan-na Gael, or some kindred organization on the other."

Mr. Roosevelt thinks that misrepresentation and abuse of the Clan-na-Gael society are popular just now. Perhaps, as far as a certain class of bigots are concerned, he is right. But when he calls the Clan na Gael "a foul, foreign conspiracy," Mr. Roosevelt descends to the level of a libeler. The Clan-na-Gael society, as a body, is as loyal an organization to the American government as can be found in the United States, but it is not "loyal" to Queen Victoria, and there is where all the trouble comes in. The society cannot be held responsible for the crimes of a few. Mr. Roosevelt has a perfect right to be severe on the perpetrators of crime, but he has no right to besmirch an organization which contains thousands of decent men in a manner so flippant and uncalled for. Besides, Mr. Roosevelt is historically incorrect. The Clan-na-Gael society has not been "put down," nor is there any law in America to put it down, because its aims and objects are perfectly legitimate, and the bad actions of a moiety of its members should not be held up in judgment against the society at large. The cry of "mad dog" has been raised, and, therefore, Mr. Roosevelt finds it safe and applause-winning to join in the unthinking outcry.

But, while the portion of Mr. Roosevelt's speech alluded to was censurable because of non-discrimination, he said some manly and sensible things later on, thus:

"It is in those professions where our people have striven hardest to mold themselves in conventional European forms that they have succeeded least; and this holds true to the present day, the failure being of course most conspicuous where the man takes up his abode in Europe and becomes a second rate European, because he is overcivilized, oversensitive, overrefined, has lost his virility, and lacks the hardihood and manly courage by which alone he can conquer in the keen struggle of our national life. Be it remembered, too, that this same being does not really become a European; he only ceases being an American, and becomes nothing. He throws away a great prize for the sake of a lesser one, and does not even get the lesser one. This holds true in almost every case. The painter who goes to Paris, not merely to get two or three years' thorough training in his art, but with the deliberate purpose of taking up his abode there, and with the intention of following in the ruts worn deep by ten thousand earlier travelers, instead of striking off to rise or fall on a new line, thereby forfeits all chance of doing the best work. He must content himself with aiming at that kind of mediocrity which consists in doing fairly well what has already been done better; and he usually never even sees the grandeur and picturesqueness lying open before the eyes of every man who can read the book of America's present. Thus it is with the man of letters who flees to London because, forsooth, he, with his undersized soul and delicate effeminate sensitiveness, finds the conditions of life on this side of the water too crude and raw—in other words, finds that he cannot play a man's part among men, and so goes where he will be sheltered from the winds that harden stouter souls than his. Such a one may write very graceful and pretty verses, essays, and novels, but he will never do work to compare with that of his brother who is strong enough to stand on his feet and to stay in America to do the work of an American.

"But I wish to be distinctly understood on one point. Americanism is a question of spirit, conviction, and purpose, not of creed or birthplace. The politician who bids for the Irish or German vote is despicable, for all citizens of this commonwealth should vote solely as Americans; but he is not a whit less despicable than if he votes against a good American merely because that American happens to have been born in Ireland or Germany. Knownothingism in any form is utterly un-American. It is a base outrage to oppose a man because of his religion or of where he was born, and all good citizens will hold any such effort in abhorrence. A Scandinavian, German or Irishman who has really become an American has the right to stand on exactly the same footing as any native born citizen in the land, and is just as much entitled to the friendship and support, social and political, of his neighbors. Among the men with whom I have been thrown in close personal contact socially, and who have been among my stanchest friends and allies politically are not a few Americans who happened to have been born on the other side of the water; and I know no better men in the ranks of our native born citizens and not very many who are as good. I do not wish to see any better Americans in Congress than some of my Minnesota friends, like Rice, Lind, and Nelson, who, I believe, are of Scandinavian origin; and the United States gains immensely when we swop off with Europe a citizen of the type of Henry James for a citizen of the type of Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen. Again, my closest political supporter is a friend who was born in Ireland but who is as good an American as ever lived. When I recall the most valued friends I made during the three years I was in the New York legislature, among them are men bearing the names of O'Neill, Kelly, Murphy, Welsh, and M. J. Costello; and whether they were born here or in Ireland I don't know and don't care, but I do know that they were Americans through and through, and that it would be well for us as a nation if we had more such legislators."

Mr. Roosevelt, in dealing with the Knownothing atrocity, might have said that the object of the Nativist faction in this country is to make naturalized citizens "second hand Americans." Every native who objects to a foreign born citizen holding office would place all men born outside the limits of the United States in that undesirable position. THE CITIZEN is of opinion that it is about as undesirable to be a second hand American as a second hand European. Mr. Roosevelt can do good work by speaking on subjects with which he has a scholarly acquaintance.

THE LATE JOHN MANDEVILLE.

A Mandeville Memorial Committee has been organized in this city. The object is to erect in Mitchelstown, county Cork, Ireland, a monument to the memory of Mr. John Mandeville, a nephew of the late Col. John O'Mahony, who was done to death in prison by the myrmidons of Secretary Balfour. Mr. Mandeville was a brave man and stood firmly by his convictions. His cruel treatment while confined in Tullamore jail and other Irish prisons aroused the sympathy of all humane people at the time. Had he been a savage from the interior of Africa he could not have received more horrible treatment. Among the members of the Memorial Committee are Messrs. E. M. Laniff, E. F. Ryan, and M. O'Sullivan. They will take charge of such funds as may be raised for the object stated.

MAJ. T. H. STANTON, one of the most deserving officers of the United States army, and a close personal friend of the late Gen. Crook, has just been promoted lieutenant colonel, and assistant quartermaster general.

SENATOR FARWELL has introduced a bill to grant the widow of the late Gen. Crook a pension of $3,000 per year. A similar bill has been introduced in the House. It is certain to pass without opposition.

OBITUARY.

MRS. MARGARET GALLERY.

The venerable mother of Mr. Daniel J. Gallery died at the residence of her son, No. 260 LaSalle avenue, on Friday, March 21, in the 90th year of her age. She was the daughter of Capt. John Shannon, and was born in the parish of Derry, county Clare, Ireland. Mrs. Gallery came to America with her family in 1856 and settled in Chicago, where she resided up to the time of her death. She was a lady of piety and good works, and, in the fullness of age, she has gone to the goal of her reward. The funeral occurred on Monday morning from the residence to the Cathedral of the Holy Name, where solemn high mass of requiem was celebrated. The funeral oration was delivered by the Rev. Father Scanlan, who dwelt most eloquently on the virtues that had adorned the long and useful life of the venerable deceased. The remains, at the conclusion of the religious services, were escorted to Calvary cemetery by a large procession. Mrs. Gallery, in addition to her son Daniel J., left behind her three daughters and twenty-three grand children. May she rest in peace.

MR. THOMAS MONAGHAN.

Mr. Thomas Monaghan, a cousin of State Senator Monaghan, died at his residence, No. 908 West Twelfth street, on March 16. The cause of his death was pneumonia. Mr. Monaghan was only 26 years old, and was greatly esteemed by all who knew him. He was born in the county Cavan, Ireland, and came to America at an early age. The interment was at Calvary, and occurred on the 18th inst.

T. Shea, Merchant Tailor

No. 184 East Madison street, fine custom suits at reasonable prices; also uniforms for all organizations.

DUFFY'S IDEA.

The Venerable ex-Editor of the Dublin "Nation" thinks that Ireland would be Contented with a Native Parliament, if not too much Restricted.

The Experience of Lombardy, Hungary and Other Countries Cited.

[*Irish World.*]

The suggestion that Ireland having a parliament of her own would "torment and embarrass" England is disposed of as follows by Sir Charles Gavin Duffy in an article under the heading "Hereditary Feuds" in the London *Speaker:*

Glancing over the map of Europe the other day to show my little boy whereabouts he was living on the earth's surface, I fell unconsciously to reflect on some of the lessons of political philosophy which the map silently teaches. A certain school of orators insist, as we all know, on the incredible paradox, that if Ireland gets a native parliament she will immediately employ that instrument, not to improve and invigorate her own condition, which needs tonics so urgently, but to torment and embarrass her nearest neighbor. They have been answered that nations are guided by their interest, and that it is the plain interest of Ireland to live in peace with England, that after a connection of so many centuries she has learned that no people can fight successfully against six times their number, with sixty times their military equipment; and that having got what she ardently desired, she would naturally enjoy it in peace, instead of renewing a contest in which she had forfeited so many of the material and moral possessions of a nation. But it seems to me that the facts which shine out of the map furnish a more convincing answer than either logic or rhetoric can supply.

There it lies, to certify that no nation in the civilized world has ever pursued the policy which is prognosticated for Ireland; that, on the contrary, nations with the same grounds of complaint, the same angry memories, the same hereditary quarrels, have forgotten their wrongs as soon as they were redressed, and, whenever it was their public interest, become the friends and allies of their old antagonists. It is the reproach of mankind, indeed, that they rarely cherish gratitude for the past, any more than hostility, but simply do what is pleasant or profitable for the time being, without relation to yesterday or the day before. Take out of a multitude of instances two or three recent and familiar ones.

No one is ignorant of the history of Italy. From the fall of Napoleon till the rise of Louis Napoleon Italy was in the grasp of greedy and insolent foreigners, and the Italians hated their masters with the passionate resentment of the south. Conspiracies, *emeutes*, and insurrections were of habitual occurrence, and between the lake of Como and the canals of Venice the spectacle most detested was the white uniform of an Austrian soldier. Italians would not eat or drink, converse, or traffic with the stranger. For half a century they thought only how they might best fling off their intolerable burden. Their main hope of deliverance was from France, their Latin sister, separated from them only by an imaginary line. In good time France came to their aid, and after a short campaign Pandour or Croat was no more seen in the loveliest land in Europe. United Italy, with a great army and a fairly full treasury, was in a condition to avenge the gross wrongs and galling injuries she had suffered. Circumstances rendered revenge easy; her old enemy was humiliated and weakened, robbed at once of prestige and empire. Revenge, we are assured, is the ruling passion of the Latin race, and the distinguished persons who deliver oracles on Ireland could no doubt confidently predict what Italians would do under the circumstances. But what they did was quite different from those dismal ratiocinations. Italian statesmen steadily pursued the interests of Italy, as a nation, and never thought of racial wrongs. They did not, one must admit, think even of gratitude for their deliverance. Italy's old ally and protector was invaded by her old oppressor, and she took no side in the contest. When the war terminated, she drew close, not to her deliverer, but to her oppressor. For the last few years Italy, bound in strict alliance with Austria, has been so serious a menace to France that it has sometimes seemed a question of weeks only when an Italian army would be launched against Nice or Savoy. Italians plead, indeed, with respect to France, that she insisted on being profusely paid for her assistance, and that after payment in cash, or its equivalent, there is no place for gratitude; but with respect to Austria, they cheerfully admit that they have followed their interest, and frankly worked out the memory of the past. The parallel in the case of Ireland only fails at one point. Italy is less bound over to peace by material guarantee than Ireland. Her people do not find their best market in Austria. They do not speak the same language as Austrians; there was no great party at Vienna eager for their deliverance, and they were not bound up by a thousand ties of friendship and kinship, commerce, and *camaraderie*, with the neighboring country.

Take the case of Austria herself in her relations with the new German Empire, and it proves as significantly that nations pursue only their interests. The Emperor of Austria, then Emperor of Germany, was the foremost potentate in Europe when the state which has become Prussia was an insignificant electorate, whose greatest glory was that its ruler was entitled to vote on the selection of the Emperor. By patience, skill and courage, and sometimes by unscrupulous and dishonest arts, the little state grew to be a considerable one, after a time got recognized as a kingdom, and plundered and subdued its neighbors so successfully that, in the end, its king became rival of the emperor, and it was long doubtful in favor of which of them should be revived the ancient title of Emperor of Germany. A quarter of a century ago the King and the Emperor were commissioned by the German Diet to undertake a joint expedition, which terminated in robbing Denmark of two provinces. When the division of plunder arrived Prussia seized the entire spoil and left not a scrap to Austria. A war ensued, in which Prussia in a few weeks utterly defeated the Austrians and robbed the heir of the Holy Roman Empire of all authority in Germany outside his own borders. The anger of an oppressed people is tepid compared to the tragic rage of an imperial family tricked, plundered and humiliated. But nations are led by their interests, not by their passions, and before six years the defeated Emperor was the ally of the conquering King in an invasion of France. When that invasion had succeeded the King of Prussia, raised as it were on the bucklers of his soldiers, was proclaimed Emperor of Germany to the perpetual exclusion of his ally and associate, the hereditary chief of the old German Empire. Nearly 20 years have since ensued, and the conquered Hapsburg is the closest ally today of the conquering Hohenzollern.

The map teaches many such lessons, but the space of a newspaper is limited, and I can glance only at a few.

Fifty years ago Belgium, like Ireland, sent representatives to a foreign parliament, a parliament which disregarded her interests, insulted her religion, and sent insolent strangers to control all the departments of state. The Belgians rose in arms, and, led by provincial advocates and country gentlemen, drove out the Dutch. When Belgium was recognized by Europe as a separate and independent State, did the Belgians make haste to feed fat their ancient grudge? It is notorious that the rival States have lived in peace and good-neighborhood for over half a century, and we have all recently read of the friendly reception which the King of Holland met at Brussels, the city which first took up arms against Dutch rule. Forty years ago Hungary, under Kossuth, was in arms against Austria for similar wrongs. By the aid of Russia Hungary was defeated, but after a time she sought by constitutional methods the end arms had failed to win and she succeeded. Now, the two hostile nations are united by a just and satisfactory compact as the Austro-Hungarian Empire. There are gusts of temper now and then between them, as happens, I believe, in the best disposed menage, but the two States, like reasonable man and wife who know that there is no divorce attainable or desirable, compose their little difficulties in private.

Switzerland, if it stood alone on the map, would teach the same lesson irresistably—the lesson that present interests are cherished and old feuds forgotten. There we have a country like Ireland, divided in race language, and religion, a country with Protestant provinces and Catholic provinces, with Teutonic settlements and Celtic settlements, and the feuds that separate them do not lie hid beyond the mist of ages. Many of us have, in our own lifetime, seen the cantons in arms against each other. But the past is dead and buried. An efficient system of local government places cantonal interests under cantonal control, and remits general questions to a legislature fairly chosen, and concord reigns throughout the little republic.

There seems no limit and no exception, in our days, to this policy of setting interests above sympathy or antipathy. Of old, identity of creed or of political aims secured the good will, and in case of need, the active assistance of dominant States, but this motive has disappeared from the public policy of the nineteenth century. Protestant Denmark in her bitter agony, twenty years ago, called on England for help and called in vain. Catholic Poland in her agony called on France and had not her claim allowed.

A sordid Ireland regarding material interests alone, and deaf to the call of human sympathy, is not the *patria* we claim. We rather dream of such a future as a native poet [Davis] has painted:

> May Ireland's voice be ever heard
> Amid the world's applause!
> And never be her flag-staff stirred
> But in an honest cause!
> May freedom be her very breath,
> Be justice ever dear;
> And never an ennobled death
> May you of Ireland fear!
> So the Lord God will ever smile
> With guardian grace upon our isle.

But that such a generous and honest Ireland would not cherish revenge when her just claims are conceded is the conviction of wise and sober minded men who are never seen on public platforms. Of Protestants—to take a few notable examples—like Prof. Galbraith, Mr. Alfred Webb, and Mr. George Porter, as well as of Catholics like Mr. Justice O'Hagan, President W. A. Sullivan, and Mr. Denny Lane. It is surely not unreasonable to believe that Irish gentlemen understand their countrymen better than the most gifted foreigners, nor to contend that the testimony of men undeniably entitled to belief should be accepted as a substantial basis for the assumption that an Irish parliament will content and tranquilize the Irish nation.

No Irish gentleman of sound judgment and conscience ever said this of any former concession however just and necessary; of Catholic Emancipation, for example, the later establishment of religious equality, or the reform of the Land Code; but they say it confidently of the supreme object which for a hundred years has lain at the bottom of the Irish heart—a native parliament.

Be it well understood, however, that I speak of a parliament entitled to wield the cardinal powers of state. If our hopes be mocked with the phantom of a legislature and executive—with a sham parliament which cannot perform the work for which it is needed, a parliament which the judges may set at defiance, and even the police treat with contempt, or which is bound to acknowledge any functionaries whatever as above the laws of the land in which they live, and with a sham government which cannot advise the crown on the exercise of all its prerogatives; if the promised parliament of Ireland be a single chamber liable to the gusts of passion and panic to which uncontrolled authority is liable, which wants the necessary agency to protect menaced interests or minorities, and to regulate the movement of responsible government or senate, such a body may furnish a cockpit where Irish factions may wrangle to make sport for their enemies, or equip with bag and baton another tax gatherer for England, but assuredly Ireland will not be content. It would be folly to expect that she should for the sentiment which will succeed and endure must be a fair sentiment.

C. GAVAN DUFFY.

ALPES MARITIMES

IRISH NEWS.

Interesting Items of General and Personal News from all Parts of Ireland.

LEINSTER.

DEATH OF A WELL KNOWN DUBLIN MAN.

On March 9 there died at his residence, Craiglands, Dalkey, Mr. John Chancellor, J.P., one of the best known of Dublin citizens. Mr. Chancellor, who was the senior member of the firm of Chancellor & Sons, Lower O Connell street, was a prominent figure in Dublin social affairs, and was a great favorite of all with whom he came in contact.

NO CASES FOR TRIAL.

There was no case for trial at the Kilkenny city assizes, which commenced on March 12, and only three at the county assizes

PRETTY "WALL FLOWERS."

Commenting on one of the late balls in Dublin, London *Truth* says: "As usual at entertainments at Dublin Castle, the fact of the surplus feminine population was too much in evidence. Rows of pretty 'wall flowers' are fast becoming a speciality of Dublin Castle. Youth and beauty, even under stress of the stubbornness of fact, being obliged to take their places by the wall."

DROWNED.

A man, named Phelan, while gathering sticks at Castlecomer on March 6, fell into the river and was drowned.

WILL HAVE A FREE LIBRARY.

At a meeting of the Drogheda corporation a report was read in favor of a free library and the construction of sewers, and recommending the borrowing of £3,000 at a rate not to exceed a shilling in the pound. Ald. Tighe explained the terms of the report and it was adopted. The committee who drew up the report will be appointed to carry it into effect.

ROBBED THE MAILS.

At Kildare assizes, on March 6, Edward Bryne, mail car driver, who pleaded guilty to robbing the Curragh mail bag, was sentenced to five years' penal servitude, and a like sentence was passed on two men names Byrne and Cairnes, who pleaded guilty to a charge of highway robbery with violence at Naas fair.

THE COURTHOUSE TOO COLD.

At the King's county assizes Judge Johnston entered the record court, and complaining of the cold of the courthouse, said that the people might keep their hats on, as the draft from the grating in the ceiling was very bad. He applied to Mr. Saunders, county surveyor, to try and have it in some way put a stop to. He then said that after luncheon the business of the record court would be transferred to the grand jury room.

ORDINATIONS

On Sunday, March 2, his Grace Archbishop Walsh held ordinations in the church of Holycross College, Clonliffe, at the mass commencing at 8 o'clock. A very large congregation attended. The following students of Holycross College received clerical tonsure: Messrs. Henry Atchison, B.A.; Laurence Ryan, William Farrell, B.A.; John Early, B.A.; Richard Connell, B.A.; Francis O'Loughlin, and Henry Hearne. Messrs. Thomas Watters, B.A.; Patrick Hayden, B.A.; John Kennedy, B.A., students of Holycross College; and Brothers Christopher Heron, Romuald Myler, Alfred Rees, Callistus Henry, and A. McCunnan, of St. Paul's Retreat, Mount Argus, were promoted to subdeaconship. Rev. Patrick Rowan, Rev. Peter Hayes, and Rev. Daniel Purcell, Maynooth College, students of the diocese of Dublin, received the order of priesthood.

THE TENANTS' DEFENSE FUND

The following is an analysis of the county subscriptions to the Tenants' Defense Fund, arranged in the order in which the conventions were held:

DATE OF CONVENTION	COUNTY.	AMOUNT. £ s d
1889.		
October 29	Tipperary	5 351 4 9
November 5	Cork	7 151 11 10
" 7	Louth	1 170 2 2
" 11	Wexford	1 966 5 1
" 12	Kilkenny	2 857 8 1
" 14	Roscommon	1 404 7 8
" 18	Wicklow	998 10 9
" 19	Kerry	891 0 3
" 20	Fermanagh	553 6 2
" 21	Meath	2 193 10 10
" 25	Clare	2 398 10 5
" 26	Monaghan	1 046 9 10
" 28	Cavan	1 351 12 6
December 2	Leitrim	1 027 5 1
" 3	Limerick	3 5 7 5 10
" 5	Waterford	2 264 17 8
" 6	King's county	1 393 0 7
" 9	Carlow	975 13 9
" 9	Longford	756 17 11
" 10	Galway	1 449 5 6
" 11	Dublin	1 9.0 0 7
" 11	Sligo	603 0 2
" 12	Armagh	860 8 3
" 17	Westmeath	1,097 1 9
" 17	Down	496 5 2
" 18	Antrim	163 10 9
1890.		
January 9	Donegal	1,147 5 8
"	Londonderry	116 7 9
" 14	Tyrone	800 5 2
" 15	Mayo	977 0 6
" 21	Queen's county	195 19 11
" 23	Kildare	519 3 9
"	Anonymous, unallotted etc., etc.	380 6 9
	British and Foreign	1 114 1 0
	Total	31,295 13 2

ORDAINED PRIEST.

On Sunday, March 2, the Rev. Martin Kinsella, brother of the Rev. A. Kinsella, C.C., Mosamolin, was ordained priest by the Most Rev. Dr. Browne, bishop of the diocese, in the Church of the Assumption, Wexford.

JUSTICES NOT KEPT BUSY.

In Longford, on March 4, Justice Holmes, accompanied by Mr. L. Reynolds, the high sheriff, opened the assizes, and congratulated the grand jury on the fact that the list of criminal cases was not long, there being only five cases in all, four of which were of a trivial kind.

COURT ONLY A MATTER OF FORM.

Justice O'Brien and Justice Holmes opened the assizes in Mullingar, on the 31 inst. Justice O'Brien, in addressing the grand jury, said that the fact of their being re-sworn was a mere matter of form, as regarded any duties they had to perform with reference to the administration of the criminal law, as there was no bill to go before them—a circumstance that had not happened for a period of more than forty years before in the county.

MUNSTER.

OBJECTING TO SMITH BARRY.

The Cork corn market trustees have decided to withhold permission to the Agricultural Society to use the corn market for the annual show unless the name of Mr. Smith Barry be removed from the committee of the Agricultural Society.

STRANGE DROWNING FATALITY.

On March 12 Mr. Behm, who kept a tailor's shop in Waterford, left for Milford per the Great Western Railway Company's line. When the boat reached its destination Mr. Behm was not to be seen, and it is surmised he fell overboard, or was otherwise lost when crossing the channel.

DEATH OF FATHER DOWNS.

On Saturday, March 8 the death was announced of the Rev. Father Downes, P.P., Kilmallock, at the age of 89 years The deceased clergyman was well known and widely respected.

FUNERAL OF A WELL KNOWN LAND LEAGUER

The funeral of Mr. J. L. Mannix, of Fermoy, for many years chairman of the town commissioners, and chairman of the Land League from its inception, until declared illegal by the late Mr. Foster, took place on March 8

A STORMY VOYAGE.

The Belfast brig Saginaw, Capt Crozier, from Rosario, arrived at Queenstown on March 11 after a stormy voyage of 104 days. Being short of provisions, the captain and nine men had lived since March 1st on one biscuit a day among them.

RELEASED FROM PRISON.

Father Kinsella and fifteen other persons, committed to Kilkenny jail in default of bail in connection with the Clongorey eviction proceedings, were liberated on March 1, in consequence of the decision of the queen's bench, Dublin. On their release the party were met by an enthusiastic crowd of friends, and accompanied to the railway station, whence they proceeded to Carlow.

DIOCESAN CHANGES.

The Right Rev. Dr. McRedmond, co adjutor bishop of Killaloe, has made the following appointments and changes in his diocese:

The Rev. P. White, from Miltown Malbay, to be P. P., V. G., Kilrush; Rev. M. Culligan from the Diocesan College, to be P. P., V. G., Killaloe; Rev. J. Kingston, from O'Gonnollce to be P. P., Miltown Malbay; Rev. J. McNamara, from Birr to be P.P. of O'Gonnollce; Rev. J. Costigan, Clare Castle, to be C.C., Birr; Rev. P. Donnelly, from Shinrone to be C.C., Lorrha; Rev. M. Breen, from the Convent, Roscrea, to be C. C., Shinrone; and Rev. C. Stuart to be chaplain to the convent, Roscrea. His lordship appointed the Rev. D. Kelly to be president of the Diocesan College, Ennis, and the Rev. A. Clancey to be vice president; Rev. R. O'Connell from the Dunboyne establishment, Maynooth, has been added to the teaching staff of the college.

DEATH OF SISTER MARY PAUL.

The superioress of the Presentation Nuns died at their convent, Youghal, on Sunday, March 24. The deceased lady, who was known in religion as Sister Mary Paul, was sister to the Most Rev. Dr. MacCarthy, bishop of Cloyne. She was in the 84th year of her age and 63d year of her religious profession.

CARELESS USE OF FIREARMS.

In Skibbereen, on March 4, while Mrs. McCarthy, wife of Mr. Florence McCarthy, of the Ilen Iron Works, was sitting inside the counter of her shop, in Ilen street, a bullet came in through the window, tearing Mrs. McCarthy's dress, grazing her breast and inflicting a superficial wound. On the bullet being examined it was seen that it had struck some hard substance and ricochetted before going through the window. The conclusion generally arrived at is that the bullet must have been carelessly fired without any intention of inflicting injury.

CHANGES IN THE DIOCESE OF KERRY.

The Most Rev. Dr. Coffey has made some changes among the priests in the diocese of Kerry. The Rev. P. Pierce, D.D., O'Dorney, goes to Cahirciveen, vice the Rev. D. McGillycuddy, C.C., who goes to Listowel. It is said that the Rev James Scanlan, C.C., is to replace Father Pierce in O'Dorney.

DEATH OF AN EX-MAYOR

Dr. Robert Kane, J.P., a former mayor of Limerick, and the oldest medical practitioner in the city, died on the morning of the 5th ult., at his residence in George street, Limerick, at an advanced age.

A GRAVE OPENED

It is reported that the grave of the late Mr. John Markham, under-agent on the estate of Mr. John Griffith, county Clare, who was buried on March 3, was found to have since been opened and the body removed. Mr. Markham, it is added, has been under police protection when alive.

"SHADOWING" AT MIDLETON FAIR.

District Inspector Creagh had charge of the "shadowing" arrangements at the fair on March 10 Detectives acting the role of cattle buyers were numerous, and policemen in uniform were on the alert to discover any signs that might be construed as intimidatory. As the result of their efforts three persons were arrested, two of whom were discharged on being brought up before Mr. Redmond, R.M. The third, a lad named John Keeffe, of Youghal, was remanded and is now in custody.

CONNAUGHT.

CHURCH DEDICATION.

The new Catholic church of Dromahair, county Leitrim, was solemnly dedicated, on March 9, by the Most Rev. Edward McGennis, bishop of Kilmore.

AN EASY TIME FOR THE GRAND JURY.

Judge Murphy, opening the Roscommon assizes on March 11, congratulated the grand jury and informed them there were only two cases, both of a very trivial character, to go before them.

NEW RAILWAYS.

The Mayo grand jury has sanctioned the following three light railways: A line from Westport to Mulranny; a line from Ballina to Belmullet via Crossmolina, and a line from Ballina to Ballycastle via Killala. The first two projects are promoted by Mr. William Murphy, M.P. The last by Mr. Robert Worthington, J.P.

DIDN'T KNOW IT WAS LOADED

The military barrack in Loughres was the scene of a sensational occurrence on the morning of March 21. It appears that, in the barrack room, there were four men belonging to the detachment of the Welsh Fusiliers. In the room there was also a breech-loading gun, which one of the soldiers named Edward Perry took up, remarking to his friend (Matthews) what a fine thing it would be if they had guns like that to drill with. Matthews assenting, said, "Hold on now, and I'll put you through your drill," which he did in the ordinary way. After going through several movements, with the exercise, he the words "One, two, three," and it was understood that at the word "three" Perry should fire, which he did, and to his horror found that he had blown half the face off his brother soldier, Matthews. There was one cartridge in the gun, of which Perry was unaware. Medical aid was immediately on the spot; but Matthews died in about five minutes after the occurrence. Perry was taken into custody.

ACQUITTED.

At Ballina petty sessions, a young man named Pat Mullen was prosecuted by the crown on a charge of having wilfully obstructed Sergeant James Connell, of Bunacomlan, while acting as an excise officer, in which capacity he had seized an illicit still in the townland of Carrower. The accused, however, was acquitted.

ULSTER.

DEATH FROM HYDROPHOBIA.

An inquest was held near Coleraine on March 13, on the body of a boy 13 years old named Joseph Rankin, who was bitten by a mad dog Jan. 29 Deceased was sent to Paris, and was treated by M. Pasteur. After his return home he did not exhibit any sickness until the 5th of March, and he died on Monday. Dr. Caldwell stated that death resulted from hydrophobia, and stated that deceased was suffocated by a spasm in an early stage of the disease. A verdict to this effect was returned.

WANTS ULSTER TO JOIN HANDS WITH THE SOUTH.

The Rev. Matthew Kerr, of Cork, delivered a lecture in St. Mary's Hall, before the members of the Belfast Young Ireland Society, on the subject, "Why Ulster should join hands with the South." Mr. Thomas McClelland, J.P., vice-president of the Irish Protestant Home Rule Association, presided, and there was a large attendance.

A STRANGE DISCOVERY.

Information has been received of the discovery of supposed human remains in a field belonging to Mrs. Heenan, Clough. Mrs. Heenan's servants were engaged in removing a large pile of stone in one of her fields, locally known as the "Cairn," when their attention was drawn to a cavity under one of the large stones. The men sent for Mr. William Burke. He had the stone immediately removed and found a large cavity, about 33 feet long by 2½ feet wide. Mr. Burke made a careful search in the cavity, and found the skull of a human being, with teeth still adhering to it. He also found bones, supposed to be the legs of some person, who must have been doubled up and thrown into the cavity. Mr. Burke made further search, and found a piece of flint shaped like an arrowhead; also the remains of an old urn.

SHOT HIS SWEETHEART.

A young clerk named George Arthur fatally shot his sweetheart, Nora Pattison, on Wednesday, March 12, at Lowry's plantation, near Belfast. He then shot himself, and died shortly after admission to the hospital. From a letter found it appears the tragedy had been mutually agreed upon.

SUDDEN DEATH.

Mr. J. B. McHugh, B.L., died suddenly on March 1, at his residence, Antrim Road, Belfast.

BISHOP OF DERRY.

The Most Rev. Dr. O'Doherty was on March 9 consecrated Roman Catholic Bishop of Derry, amid circumstances of special impressiveness. The consecrating prelate was his Grace Most Rev Dr. Logue, archbishop of Armagh and primate of all Ireland, and the assisting bishops were Most Rev. Dr. Nulty, and Most Rev. Dr Donnelly. The other prelates present were, Most Rev. Dr. McAlister, bishop of Down and Connor; Most Rev. Dr. Woodlock, bishop of Ardagh; Most Rev. Dr. O'Donnell, bishop of Raphoe; Most Rev. Dr. Magennis, bishop of Kilmore; and Most Rev. Dr. McGivern, coadjutor bishop of Dromore. Nearly all the clergy from the diocese of Derry and the neighboring one of Raphoe were in attendance. A large number also came from the archdiocese of Armagh, Down, and Connor. Clogher and Ardagh were numerously represented, while the ranks were swelled considerably by priests from almost every part of Ireland.

CORONER'S INQUEST.

On March 15 Mr. John F. Small, coroner for the southern division of the county Armagh, held an inquest in the townland of Killeen, three miles from Newry, on the body of a man named John McEvoy, who died on the previous day from the effects of injuries received by falling from a cart on Feb. 27.

GRAND JURORS.

On March 5 Lord F. P. Clinton Hope, high sheriff for the county Monaghan, accompanied by Mr. W. H. Swan, sub sheriff, sat in the courthouse at Monaghan and proceeded to swear in the grand jury. The following gentlemen were sworn: Messrs. Sewallis Evelyn Shirley, foreman; Robert Charles Leslie, Dcore Hamilton, A. A. Murray, Ker, Whitney, Upton Montrey, William Henderson, Joseph Wright, Major Richardson, Henry B. Fitzgerald, J. F. Gibbings, James McCullough, Charles D. S. F. X. Henry J. Gibbins, James M. Cullough, Henry J. Leslie, Charles N. Tisdale, S. K. Jackson, Harry Rogers, William Murray, J. C. Hall, Forster Dunwoody, Henry B. Murray, James Kelly, and John Bolton.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

Remarkable Speech by Charles A. Dana.

[*New York Tablet*]

St. Patrick's Day was celebrated with much fervor in New York and other large cities of the Union. Parades, banquets and other festivities were the order of the day. Perhaps the most striking speech of the many delivered on the occasion was that of Charles A. Dana, of the *Sun*, at the dinner of the St. Patrick's Club. Mr. Dana, who was referred to as a genuine Yankee, spoke as follows:

"Mr. President and Gentlemen: I object entirely to the imaginative suggestion of your chairman. (Laughter.) It is true that in the natural sense I am a Yankee. (A Voice, 'That is not so bad.') But a genuine Yankee—what is he? A man whose mind takes in the whole range of humanity, and whose sympathy will be prompt and sincere for every son of every race in whose soul beats the impulse of liberty. (Applause.) There is nothing imaginary about it. It is genuine unity of heart, following genuine devotion to principle, which makes the greatness of every free people, the principle which Ireland now struggles for, and which, with God's pleasure and man's effort, she shall yet realize. (Applause)

"St. Patrick's Day. (Applause) It is a great day; great in its historical recollections, great in its associations with that venerable figure that great apostle, who bore in one hand the torch of christianity shedding the light of heaven, and in the other the torch of culture and of truth, enlightening the mind of man. (Applause) It is a great day because it brings back to us the vision of those early days when, far remote from civilization and progress, was founded the career of humanity, then begun, as we see it in modern times. That is why the anniversary of St. Patrick appeals to men of every nation and people and race, who are enlightened and who are able to appreciate its significance. (Applause)

"It is great, also, in the sadder side of its associations, in the fact that there is some hope from the history of Ireland, its long course of suffering, its patient endurance. There is yet some hope of raising up under every danger and every menace and every adversity a noble and brilliant and generous lot of electrical Irishmen whom we all now honor. (Applause.)

"It is great also in its promise that Ireland is not to be disappointed in her realization of the promise which St. Patrick made of a career of light and truth and progress and advancement, and of devotion to human rights, and to all that is great and high and noble. We may be glad of the assurance that that career will go on rapidly advancing toward realization and development, through struggle and disappointment and the great movement of home rule. (Applause.) We see it in the constant increase of the appreciation of the Irish cause, in the advancement of modern learning and political wisdom enriched by the experience of the past. These are briefly the reasons why we honor the day we celebrate and why we look forward to the future, pregnant with greater blessings and greater glories than any that have yet been realized.

"These appear something more than imaginary as I stand here to speak to you in a brief and simple way in honor of St. Patrick, and in sympathy with Ireland and in encouragement to all her sons, wherever they are. There is yet another reason why an American should peculiarly sympathize with Ireland. There are several reasons. This is one—we have a little unsettled account with John Bull. (Applause) We understand the spirit of universal fraternity, but that is not to be realized until certain things are cleared away.

"There is something that has got to be cleared away before the record of many centuries can be obliterated. We may look forward to the day when the nations shall be united, and then peace shall be the law, and progress the uninterrupted fact among mankind. (Applause) But it will not be under the claw of the British lion. (Applause.) There is a process to be accomplished among the nations of the earth before that final condition is arrived at.

"It is a process that will be accomplished by the principles which St. Patrick taught and illustrated. There is undoubtedly to come in the far distance a union among the nations of mankind. (Applause) But it will be after monarchy and aristocracies have been swept away. It will be after the history of mankind has been reconstructed; after justice has been done; after injustice has been removed and forgotten; after they have been released—nations oppressed, crushed, trodden upon, and insulted by the heel of the invader and the hand of the oppressor—after the injustice to Ireland has been cleared away.

"Justice is the foundation of fraternity. Let us first have Home Rule and then we will have union. (Great applause) It will be a very different union from those that we have seen enforced in the British Islands, because it will be preceded by entire justice, by perfect home rule, and perfect self government in every part and republican in form. There is enough republicanism in England and enough democracy to begin the work, and we can trust in God and the principles of St. Patrick to bring everything out right in the end." (Applause)

FOUGHT FOR the last hundred years. A remedy for catarrh, hay fever and cold in the head found at last in Ely's Cream Balm. Safe and pleasant to use and easily applied into the nostrils. It gives relief at once and a thorough treatment positively cures. Price 50 cents.

Electric Belt Free.

To introduce it and obtain agents the undersigned firm will give away a few of their $5 00 German Electric Belts invented by Prof. Van der Weyde, Pres. of the New York Electrical Society (U. S. Pat. 357 647) a positive cure for Nervous Debility, Rheumatism, Loss of Power, &c. Address Electric Agency, P. O. Box 178, Brooklyn, N. Y. Write to them to day.

TO AND FROM CHICAGO TO EUROPE in seven days via New York and Boston Limited—LAKE SHORE ROUTE For rates, sailings, etc., on any of the "Ocean greyhounds," write or address J. D. O'Leary, agent, Lake Shore office, No. 66 South Clark street, Sherman House.

Branch Office,
73 FARRINGDON STREET,
London, E. C.,
ENGLAND.

Office of

Branch Office,
189 W. ADELAIDE STREET,
Toronto,
Ontario, CANADA.

T. A. Slocum, M. C.

SLOCUM'S OXYGENIZED PURE COD LIVER OIL.
SLOCUM'S PSYCHINE.
SLOCUM'S COLTSFOOT EXPECTORANT.
SLOCUM'S MAGNETIC PLASTERS.
SLOCUM'S REGULATIVE PILLS.

No. 180 Pearl Street,

New York, March 28 th 1890.

To the Editor:

Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for Consumption and kindred diseases. By its timely use, thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be pleased to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who suffer from Consumption, if they will send me their Express and P. O. Address.

Respectfully,
T. A. SLOCUM, M. C.,
180 Pearl St., New York.

H.R.EAGLE

Basket Fired Japan Tea, per lb	13 cents
16 lbs Granulated Sugar for	$1.00
9 lbs Pure Ground Coffee for	$1.00
5 lbs Roasted Rio Coffee for	$1.00
Good Tomato Catsup, per bottle	8 cents
Puritan Tomatoes, packed in glass jars, each	12½ cents
Citral's Scotch Marmalade, per jar	10 cents
French Peas per tin	9 cents
3-lb can California Asparagus for	15 cents
3-lb can California White Cherries for	15 cents
Dixon's Stove Polish, per package	3 cents
Milliken's Parlor Pride Stove Enamel, per bottle	6 cents

COFFEES.

5 lbs Roasted Rio Coffee for	$1.00
4 lbs Blended Roasted Coffee for	1.00
3½ lbs Special Roast Java Coffee for	1.00
4 lbs After-Dinner Java Coffee for	1.00

TEAS.

A Good Green Japan Tea, per lb	19 cents
A Good Uncolored Japan Tea, per lb	25 cents
A Good Formosa Oolong Tea, per lb	25 cents
A Good English Breakfast Tea, per lb	25 cents
A Good Moyune Young Hyson, per lb	25 cents
A Fine Uncolored Japan Tea, per lb	35 cents
A Fine Gunpowder Tea, per lb	35 cents
A Fine Formosa Oolong Tea, per lb	35 cents
A Fine English Breakfast Tea, per lb	35 cents

FLOUR.

Fancy Minnesota Patent Flour, per brl $4.78
H. R. Eagle & Co.'s "Best" Minnesota Pat. Flour, pr brl $4.98

Our "Best" Patent Flour is made exclusively for us by one of the best mills of Minnesota. It is made from selected No. 1 hard wheat, and we will guarantee it to be the finest flour in the market and to please every time.

Finest Old St. Louis Winter Wheat Flour, per brl $4.28

H. R. EAGLE & CO.,
GROCERS, 68 WABASH-AV.

GRAND MILITARY HOP
UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE
FIRST REGIMENT HIBERNIAN RIFLES,
AT
West Twelfth Street Turner Hall,
ON EASTER MONDAY NIGHT.
Professor Dawkins will exhibit some splendid views of the scenery in the different counties in Ireland.
TICKETS, Including Wardrobe, ... 75 CENTS.

I sell on small weekly payments or for cash
DIAMONDS,
Watches,
Fine Jewelry
& Silverware
of all descriptions.
You have used the goods while paying for them.
OPEN BOTH DAY AND EVENING.

D. O'DONOVAN ROSSA,
Manufacturer's Agent.
THE ORIGINAL INSTALLMENT JEWELER.
Store Next Door to Haymarket Theatre,
169 W. Madison St.,
CHICAGO.
N. B.—Watches and Jewelry Repaired. Satisfaction Guaranteed.

I CURE FITS
When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY, or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office.
H. G. ROOT, M.C., 183 Pearl St., N.Y.
ROOT'S PURGATIVE PILLS cure all Blood Diseases, Constipation and Biliousness.

RHEUMATISM CONQUERED
SIR DOMINICK CORRIGAN'S, M.D., Dublin.
(Ireland's Most Distinguished Physician).
RHEUMATIC & GOUT REMEDY
The most wonderful medical discovery of the age. Where everything else fails it cures. Highest testimonials. Money refunded to purchaser if a cure is not effected. Send $1 and we will express bot le with full directions Address BRYAN G. McSWYNY, Sole Agent for United States,
SIR DOMINICK CORRIGAN RHEUMATIC REMEDY CO.,
240 Broadway New York.
☞Or if you order through your druggist be sure and GET THIS INFALLIBLE REMEDY. TAKE NO SUBSTITUTE
AGENTS WANTED.

IRISH DILISK.
This splendid natural cure for the very worst forms of dyspepsia and kidney disease, freshly imported from Ireland, is for sale by DUFFY BROTHERS, General Western Agents and Importers No. 314 Blue Island avenue, Chicago Price 25 cents per pound, with large reductions to liberal consumers. Country orders for 5 pounds and upwards only will be filled.

NIGHTFALL.

Swiftly the shadows of the night around us fall,
Come, let us kneel before our God and pray,
And while on him for mercies new we call,
Praise him whose love has kept us through the day.

Not more of evil lurks in midnight's hour
Than stalks abroad at golden tide of noon;
In both alike we need his keeping power.
Could he forget, then ill would come how soon!

But he doth not forget, nor doth he sleep;
And we are safe in his all watchful care.
By day, by night he condescends to keep
Those who commit themselves to him in prayer.

There is a home where shadows never fall,
Nor sin nor danger ever enter there,
Where weariness doth ne'er to slumber call:
A land of praise that hath no need of prayer.

Unto that home, O Father, lead our way,
And while we linger in this alien land,
In mercy hear us while to thee we pray,
Still guard and guide us by thy loving hand.
—R. M. Offord in The Observer.

THROUGH THE FURNACE.

"Julie, the fires are coming nearer; I wish you would dismiss school, and go to town with me—I don't like to leave you here."

"I should be a weak minded girl, indeed, to shut up the school house and send the children home for a little smoke. I am in no more danger than the others."

"But the others are not so dear to me."

"You are selfish, and—very presuming."

"Oh, very well. Then I may as well say good-by."

There was no answer, and for some moments the two silently stood in the hazy September sunlight, with the dull mists and a strange quiet all about them. The young man, dark eyed, handsome and strong, held his horse's bridle in his hand, ready to leap into the saddle, yet with an unsatisfied, troubled air, hesitating to do so; while the young girl, with her dimpled hands in her dainty apron pockets, looked provokingly indifferent and pretty.

On the knoll behind them stood a low, log school house—twenty years ago log houses were no novelty in northwestern Ohio—and back of that "the crik," which was a creek only in wet seasons, and at others, as now, but a succession of grassgrown "swales," sleeping in the dry heat, with a "sandy desert" appearance. On three sides the low oak woods, with their dead looking branches and curled up leaves, came down to the very school yard, and a few straggling trees overshadowed the humble seminary of learning itself.

The horizon was a woody circle, beyond which rolled up dark, ominous looking clouds—great purplish shadows that filled the heavens, made the air thick and oppressive, and disguised the sun itself as a sullen, overgrown moon.

It was still early, but there was no dewy freshness or breezy coolness, nothing bright and invigorating, such as a well disposed morning is expected to bring; the red glows that had shown out against a starless sky all night had simply paled as the gray light crept on and turned into black, heaving piles as the dawn whitened the skies.

One or two farmhouses, with their small "clearings" attached, a winding road with bushes on either side drooping over it, and a creeping team in the distance, were the only signs of civilization discernible in the monotonous wilderness, destined to be more dreary before the day was over.

"Have you nothing more to say to me, Julia?"

"I do not think of anything at present," the little teacher said, with aggravating coolness.

"Well—you will not go to the party to-night?"

"I think I shall. If you cannot trust me by myself at an ordinary neighborhood gathering, I cannot be worth any anxiety of mind on your part."

"It is not that, dear. But I know those fellows from town too well. They intend to come out for the sole purpose of seeing the 'pretty little schoolma'am' and ridiculing 'the natives,' as they say. You are naturally so unsuspecting, so sweet and kind in your disposition they will misunderstand and take advantage of what they will term 'your simplicity.' If I come, knowing I had not intended it, they will believe I could not trust you. I cannot endure that they should even know you, to laugh and chatter about you for weeks afterward. To please me, dear Julie, remain away and disappoint them."

"Yes, and create more wonderment and expostulations than it is all worth. I have promised my simple hearted friends and pupils to be present, and shall go, and I don't care for your town companions, or—for you either."

"You do not mean that, surely. Come, Julia, I have ridden five miles this morning, left the store to the mercies of a green clerk, to see you, and to speak one word of warning. Give me a kind word before I go, and the smile I have dreamed of for days, to cheer and reassure me." But Harry Selden bent in vain to catch a glance from the deep blue eyes, veiled so obstinately by their long black lashes.

"I can stay no longer, Julia, and your scholars are coming through the woods. You are not treating me fairly, and will see it yourself presently." He pressed her passive hand, and vaulted into the saddle.

"Good-by. If the fires come closely, dismiss school and go home. The Cleaver place is safe, I think, as there are fields of plowed ground round it. Good-by, dear."

"Good-by, Harry," she said, a little more softly; but his restless horse was claiming his attention, and soon he was speeding down the road like the wind. Julia Atherton looked after him a moment with a moisture gathering in her lustrous eyes. The shouts of the children rang out nearer, and glimmers of pink calico and blue gingham peeped now and then through the branches. Sentiment and self must be resolutely put aside.

"I don't care. He had no right to suppose I was not able to deal with those fops from town, and he should not attempt to control my actions."

Nevertheless she was very heavy hearted as she turned to call her little flock together. As the day advanced the air grew more dense and sultry; the whole sky was dark, and the sun rode through it like a dull red ball, while the smell of burning leaves and wood overpowered the faint marsh and forest perfumes. The "openings" fires were spreading rapidly.

At that time there were miles and miles of unsettled land—alternate ridges covered with oak and underbrush, and marshes where the dry grass and weeds were like tinder. Every year a few fires were expected, but there had been a severe drouth this season, and already the men in the various settlements had organized into companies to fight fires, and save homes and property. From the "Cleaver district," as the place was called, the men had been out all night, and at noon none had returned.

The schoolhouse stood on the rise of ground that, in any other part of the country, would have been called the bank of the stream; but here, where streams were only lengthened mudholes, and the grass-tangled bottom rose imperceptibly into oak-covered ridges, one scarcely knew when he was well out of a river bed; in the spring this same school house had stood a foot under water. Now it was directly in the path of a huge natural fuse, and the fire creeping along it not more than a mile away.

Through sheer obstinence and pettishness Julia refused to dismiss her school until the scholars, alarmed at the great columns of smoke that the rising wind swept over them, declared their intention of going home, whether or no. Some ran out into the middle of "the crik," and from there fancied they could see red flames gleaming ferociously; instantly the children were panic stricken, and ran about crying, in aimless confusion.

Then Julia's real womanliness and strength rose to the surface, while the petty willfulness disappeared. She brought order into the childish ranks, bade them secure their books and properties and file out quietly, leading them herself through the woods, where the winding footpath led most of them to their homes. She saw that every one was safe in the care of parents, then composedly, but quickly, made her way to the Cleaver homestead, where she boarded.

She found every door open and not a soul in sight. Looking out from the back porch, she could see on the right the big barn full of hay, the sheds, wagons and farm machinery clustered near; on the left, the schoolhouse, still safe; before her and across the plowed fields, an arm of the woods, through which the clear space of the creek could be discerned, and a little more to the right, and farther away, the sweeping clouds of smoke pouring up and onward with hurrying density.

Voices in quick, broken shouts fell on her ear, and grasping her straw hat she hastened out in that direction. She found mother, sister, daughter and younger children eagerly flinging down the fences, scattering the rails widely over the bare ground.

"We must get the fences down before the fire comes," cried Mary Cleaver, the eldest daughter, as she saw Julia approaching. "I'm glad you've come, and it's lucky your dress is woolen. The fire is raging so that the little space of burned ground around the fences won't stay it at all, an' if it once gets to runnin' through them, barn, horses, hay, home and everything must go."

"Where are the men?"

"Over at Johnson's settlement, fighting like beavers and dead tired out. Three houses and barns have gone up a'ready." The hearty, rosy cheeked girl, in short worsted skirts and a man's coat and hat, tossed a huge knotty rail over her shoulder and looked at the little schoolma'am with a superior air. "Are you equal to that sort of thing for an hour or two?"

Julia fancied she could hear the roar of the on coming flames, and already the air was stifling; but, for answer, grasped a rail in her lithe young arms, and flung it out as lightly as the stouter girl had done.

How she worked! Her sleeves were soon torn from the round, white arms, and they were quickly rasped and scratched until tiny red streams ran down to her wrists. In her excitement she flung rails about that she could not have lifted in ordinary moments; even the Cleaver girl looked at her admiringly, and suggested that "she take it easier." But there was little time for rest. A red flame leaped over the tops of the trees, here and there, and burning cinders were falling around them; one more line of fence must be, at least, partly scattered before there was safety. It was farther out and directly in the way of the thickest rain of flying cinders. But the two girls, one so slender, willowy and quick, the other strong and steady, attacked it with undaunted spirit, and just as the hot breath of the devouring monster stirred the hair on their brows the fire bait was rendered harmless.

Julia was panting with exhaustion and wondering if she was going to faint, when Mrs. Cleaver came up with the frantic cry of:

"Where is little Jeanette? Where in the world is the girl? Have you seen her?"

Jakie, the slow, old fashioned 12-year-old, made his mother understand after a while that Jeanie had gone in the direction of the fire—"'cause she wanted to see it burn."

"That darin' child! She ain't afraid of nothin'. She'll be burned alive!" And the woman tried to run and find her youngest born; but weariness and emotion overcame her eagerness and she fell helpless to the ground.

Mary hastened to her mother's side, and no other woman or child dared venture nearer toward the surging storm of flames and smoke that was bearing down upon them.

Only Julia. She looked forward in dread but for one moment, then calling up every reserve of strength and courage, she paused like a bird ready for flight, thinking which was the best course, and with the grace and speed of a deer sprang through the bushes, calling Jeanette's name. Toward the right the fire was not so near, and in that direction Julia flew, peering under every bush and behind every log for the missing girl. On and on, through the dense smoke, with the agonizing fear in her heart that the child had already met her terrible fate lending her a false strength, on and on she passed, as long as a possible pathway opened before her. But suddenly she came upon a wall of fire; to turn aside was but to face another, until she realized with appalling force that she was hemmed in on every side.

It seemed to her the fire fiend had suddenly encircled her, by some skillful trick, and was mocking her despair. The sun refused to shine and the sky was blotted out in darkness; this was not the world, the bright, beautiful earth she had loved so well, but some chaotic space out in the universe, where the elements were fighting for mastery. The quiet morning when she and Harry had stood together making believe they did not love each other and were not happy must have been far away in some other life. She would never get back to that life again, never see Harry, never receive his forgiveness, never let him know how dear he was. How sweet that far away life and love now seemed to her!

One chance remained. As yet nearly two acres of ground, comparatively barren of trees, was free from fire. She ran and seized a fallen fagot, lighted the dead leaves where they were thickest and dryest, and before a square rod had burned and left the bare sod her kindled fire met the advancing column; she threw herself face downward on the smoldering ground, and awaited the sweep of the fiery tempest. Not a draught of air was there that was not also heat, smoke and ashes; and above and around, the hot sea roared and crackled, as though it had conspired with all its forces to crush the life out of one weak little woman.

"This is death!" was Julia's last thought, then came unconsciousness.

It was 9 o'clock, and a soft rain was falling. Over the miles of desolated forests still smoldered, in sullen defiance, spots of fire, but the fury of the elements had spent itself. Harry Selden stood before a long, low log house, tying the panting horse that had brought him there on as fierce a gallop as ever steed was made to run. He was gazing eagerly now through open doors and windows even while engaged with caring for his horse, but no graceful form, with its piquant face, met his gaze. For this he was both glad and sorry. She had not come, she had obeyed his wishes, but was she safe after this terrible day? It was not a scene of merry making that he looked in upon, though several strangers were present, among them the two young men from town, standing a little apart from the others.

The people seemed to be discussing something seriously, in little groups of two and three. The fiddler sat idly with his instrument at his feet, and the pans of apples and popcorn on the table remained undisturbed; evidently the party was a failure.

Harry stepped into the open door without knocking; a silence fell upon the company, and none dared meet his gaze.

"Miss Atherton is not here!" he asked of the good woman of the house.

"Alackaday! she is not, sir; no more do any of us know where she is. They be"——

"What! Isn't she at home—at her boarding place, I mean?"

"Not without she's come there within the last quarter of an hour. A parcel o' men has gone to look for her, though they was that tired and worn out"——

Harry waited to hear no more, but darted out, mounted his horse, and flew away to the Cleaver place.

She was not there, and Mary and the younger children were crying bitterly.

"Oh, she can't be alive yet, I am very much afraid," Mrs. Cleaver said chokingly, "and it's all on account of these mischievous young 'uns, that I should ever have it to say o' them. Jeanette she went off among the corn stalks, all safe and sound, and Jakie must be thinkin' he saw her goin' fer the woods, to see the fire burn. They be here all safe, while the poor dear lady who went to look fur 'em be we none o' us knows where. Oh, but these 'uns 'll catch it when their father comes," at which the crying children set up a fresh howl.

Pale and stern, Harry made them tell all they knew, then set out himself, knowing that, alive or dead, he should find his darling.

Had the men not been so nearly worn out, they would have found her sooner, for it was not far, and there was no brushwood to hide the view. But the night was dark, their rude lanterns threw but little light, and the men stumbled about half asleep. Love was more alert. In half an hour Harry was bending over the poor unconscious form, in its wet and half burned dress, moaning over the blistered cheeks and arms, and calling wildly on her name.

She moved, as his arms enfolded her, and whispered his name, and this——

"I did not go to the party, you see; it's all right, isn't it, Harry?"

Harry would never agree that it was "all right," until she could declare with a smooth and blooming face, many weeks after, that she was as well as ever, and would come to town to be his little wife and housekeeper, instead of remaining the "Cleaver district schoolma'am."

"Indeed," he said, "as your schoolhouse is burned to the ground and the directors will not build another until they are able to put up a fine brick one, your occupation is gone, and there is no alternative."

Julia did not look as though the alternative was very distasteful.—May Huntley in Yankee Blade.

Light and Dark Cigars.

In reference to the distinction between light and dark cigars, smokers nearly always express a preference for one or the other, but they get practically the same thing. The difference lies only in the wrapper, although the general impression is that a dark colored cigar is much stronger. Nearly all brands of cigars have two shades, but the filling is the same in both. I have told my customers so time and time again, but I can't make them believe me.—Cincinnati Times Star.

SENSATIONAL SUICIDE.

A Beautiful Girl Shoots Herself at Joliet.

HOUNDED TO DEATH BY A DASTARD.

The Young Lady Hires a Horse and Buggy, Drives Up and Down the Street and When in Front of the Hotel Monroe Draws a Revolver and Shoots Herself Through the Heart—A Touching Letter to Her Parents.

JOLIET, Ills., March 20.—A beautiful young lady driving a handsome black horse hitched to a stylish-looking top buggy was noticed at an early hour in the evening driving up and down Chicago street. Whenever she met an acquaintance she would smile and bow her acknowledgement of salute. When opposite the opera house and near the entrance to Hotel Monroe the damsel was seen to rein her horse and stop. She then leaned forward and picked up a pasteboard box from the bottom of the vehicle, opened it, took out a revolver, and with all the coolness possible and without any signs of excitement, placed the muzzle against her left breast and fired. Her arms flew up in the air; she fell forward in the buggy, and the revolver dropped into the street. The horse instead of being alarmed at the report of the revolver turned toward the curbing and stopped directly in front of the Hotel Monroe.

Shot Through the Heart.

A number of citizens rushed toward the buggy and one was just in time to catch the victim as she was about to pitch head first into the street. She was deposited on a lounge in the hotel and a hasty examination showed that she was shot directly through the heart. Just then Miss Annie Hentsee, daughter of the proprietor of the hotel, burst into the parlor, and after giving one glance at the dead girl, exclaimed, "It's Jessie White." The excitement on the street was intense, and a thousand people soon thronged the offices of the hotel. A policeman stepped up to the bugxy, noticed the pasteboard box, opened it, and found therein a ladies' portmonnaie and a letter, the envelope of which was addressed as follows: "To my dear ones at home." The officer drove the rig to police headquarters and turned the letter over to the chief of police.

An Infamous Persecution.

Miss Jessie Z. White, the dead girl, was a daughter of James S. White, who has been a resident of this city for many years, residing on the west side at 603 Nicholson street. Some three years ago Miss Jessie was persecuted by an unknown person, who wrote slanderous letters to her friends and admirers. Every young gentleman that made Jessie's acquaintance received promptly one of these letters, of which the following is a fair sample:

DEAR SIR:—You will be the cause of the death of Jessie White. I send you this letter in back hand. I know yours, and have written to her to-day in your hand, complimenting her, and sending her a box of poisoned candy and a bouquet. I inclose you a sample of the poison in the candy. It is Rough on Rats, and is instant death. It serves her well, for she is not moral. Her death will be laid at your door.

NEMESIS.

The Letters Still Came.

All the local newspapers received letters directed against the young lady by the same person and in the same writing and of similar purport. The letters were all turned over to the authorities, and the police and detectives were put on the watch for the scoundrel. Finally the cousin of Miss Jessie, David White, was tried in our circuit court here, the result being that he was simply bound over to keep the peace. After the trial was over it was hoped by all the friends of Miss White that she would be left in peace, but peace never came to the White home, for the persecuting letters still kept coming to her, to her people, to all the young society gentlemen in town, and to all who could possibly be influenced in any way by the epistles of the jealous fiend.

Determined to Kill Herself.

The victim and her family were constantly kept in a state of terror. Letters were dropped on their door steps, shoved under their doors, sent in every way, till the young ladies were afraid to go out of their home. Finally Miss Jessie was sent away for a while to the east, but this did not stop the villainous letter-writer who was so artfully pursuing the beautiful and distracted girl, and whom the detectives brought into requisition could not trap. So after three years of this kind of torture the poor hunted girl became so worn out that she could bear it no longer. Loving her sisters and her parents passionately, it was a struggle for her to determine to leave them and cause them to suffer, but nerving herself she set about making preparations, and ended her existence in the manner described.

A Touching Epistle.

The following is her last letter to her loved ones at home:

DEAR MOTHER, AND ALL THE DEAR ONES AT HOME: I am tired of life, and am going to shoot myself and deny the "letter-writer" the pleasure of doing it. Three years are long enough to be tortured by him, and there are no prospects of any peace for me as long as I live; and inasmuch as he has promised to take my life I really think he means so; but now he never shall; and if he found any pleasure in torturing me I hope he will be satisfied now; for he has driven me to destroy my soul. All I have to say now is for you to forget and forgive me for the wicked act I am about to commit. Now, dear folks, I love you all so dearly, I could not live if any of you were to be taken from me; so I want you all to think it is for the best that I should leave this world first. Please grant these few requests: Do not bury me on a rainy day, for I never liked a rainy funeral day. Engage Mr. Chamberlain for the undertaker; have the Rev. Mr. Camp preach my funeral sermon at the Episcopal church. Sister Genevieve knows what songs I want sung at my funeral. Have the following young men for pall-bearers: Julius Westphal, Harold Moon, Will White, Will Cushing, Will Woods and James Callas. I will now bid the world and all of you my last good-by.

JENNIE F. Z. WHITE.

The Jury in the Perrin Case.

MINNEAPOLIS, Minn., March 19.—The Journal's Ashland, Wis., special says: A bribery sensation has developed in the Perrin bank robbery case. District Attorney Rossman said Wednesday morning that at least two of the jurors were bribed the first night after they were chosen. About noon the jury in the Perrin case came in and reported that they were unable to agree. They stood six for acquittal against six for conviction.

North Dakota Legislature.

BISMARCK, N. D., March 19.—The legislature has adjourned sine die. All of Governor Miller's appointments were returned to him without prejudice to the appointees. The senate in open session, by a vote of 19 to 10, took that method of disposing of the appointments. The apology for this action was the fact that the governor had not consulted the senators in making up his slate.

KENTUCKY'S BORDER WAR.

From the Recollections of a Twelve-Year-Old of 1863.

My native town of Hartford, Ky., and the surrounding county were as badly divided as any section of any border state, and raids and reprisals were frequent and often very bloody. Matters became so unsettled that it was no uncommon sight to see men carry their guns to church and to funerals. I have seen a country church congregation where, on the "men's side," as it is called, bayonets stood against the wall or leaned up over men's shoulders while they listened to the discourse. Sentinels were on such occasions placed on duty and all hands were in readiness at any moment to see a gang of guerrillas dash down upon the "hitching poles," where the horses of the congregation were tied.

These scenes were not without their humorous features. One old gentleman, bearing the suggestive name of "Aunt Billy," who had never fired a gun in his life, joined in one of the home guard raids. He created much merriment when he discovered that the trigger of his musket was loose. He said he "moight as well go home as his gun was broke and would not shoot."

This same man asked which side of the army "General Items" belonged to. He saw his name mentioned in every paper, and had never heard which army he was in.

A company of home guards were summoned to meet for the drill. One old farmer thought he would distinguish himself for proficiency, so he braced himself up and put his heels together and extended his toes at a proper angle, and called out: "Fix the balance, capting, I'm in line."

One of my neighbors was a southern sympathizer, and he had two grown sons who got themselves into trouble by their patriotic display. Orders had been issued by the department commander to arrest anybody known to shout the familiar "Hurrah for Jeff Davis and the Southern Confederacy."

These boys had been reported to the post commander as having offended in this way, and they were arrested and put in the county jail. They said they would rot in prison before they would take the oath of allegiance to "Lincoln's hirelings," but they reconsidered this resolution and were released on bail. Not many weeks passed before the eldest went to a country church one Sunday, and during the services in the church he selected a fine horse owned in the neighborhood and mounted and rode away. The next heard of him was an account of his capture in an engagement between Federal soldiers and a band of guerrillas, near Paducah. He was taken to Louisville, Ky., where it was learned that he was a bail jumper. At this time the government was practicing retaliation. A band of guerrillas had a few days before taken two citizens of a village in Green county into the street and shot them down. The commander of the forces at Louisville condemned five guerrilla prisoners to be sent down to the same spot and executed in retaliation. Morgan was among the number. An escort of soldiers took the five doomed men, with coffins for each, and went by rail to Mumfordsville and thence by wagon to the scene of the recent murders. Here the men were blindfolded, their hands pinioned at their backs and the coffins arranged in a row, and each man stood up in front of his coffin.

The guns were loaded by the officers and handed to the soldiers to fire. One blank load and one ball was to be fired at each victim, but the men who did the firing did not know who had the blank cartridge. At the command to fire the hills re-echoed the familiar sound of the volley of musketry, and the smoke lifted, revealing five prostrate forms. As an officer approached he observed that Morgan was breathing. He was lying across his coffin, with his head at one side and his feet at the other. The officer fired a pistol ball into his body, when the muscular action caused the body to bound several feet into the air. He sank back dead, not having spoken since the first volley was fired. He had not been hit by the volley, but fell with his fellow victims, and no doubt thought himself dead, so great was the effect of the terrible expectation. The five men were buried in one grave. This practice of retaliation seemed at the time, and does yet, to be one of the most terrible aspects of war; yet it materially lessened the number of victims to the rapidly increasing bands who owed allegiance to no higher court than their own selfish and demoralized natures.—Warren G. Benton.

A Humorist's Influence.

I am a cripple, but I never think of my misfortune. Laugh and the world laughs with you. People say, "How Wilder is handicapped." I am not handicapped. I don't want sympathy. I never think about my shape. I make $10,000 a year. I have my yearly trip to Europe and have the entree to all the theatres there and in this city. I go to the theatres three times a week on an average. When I appear at a benefit performance even the actors applaud me and the stage hands stop work and say, "Keep quiet; little Wilder is on." Whenever I go into society it is the same. Why is it? It isn't because it's me. It's because I bring smiles and laughter. I never croak. People don't care for Wilder, but they do care for a good laugh. Why, even the criminals on Blackwell's Island are glad to see me, and although they have sins and trouble enough, they have time to hear a good story, and make the prison rafters ring with laughter.—Marshall P. Wilder's Letter.

The Flower Industry.

If the practical business man believes that the business of flowers is an inconsiderable one, and that they are used chiefly by people who are getting married or getting out of the world altogether, let him step into a rose market in Twenty-third street some afternoon between 3 and 4 o'clock. When he reaches there first he will find everything about as quiet as it well could be. By 4 o'clock, when the carts drive up filled with boxes of flowers shipped from out of town rose farms and flower farms, just arrived at piers and railroad depots by express, everything immediately takes on a very confused and animated appearance. A dozen clerks and the proprietor appear simultaneously from nobody knows where, and the boxes, containing layer upon layer of baskets filled with all varieties of roses, picked early that morning, are unpacked. In packing, the roses are carefully placed with the first layer of stems running one way, reversing the order on the next layer, and so on to the top of the basket. By this time the room is filled with men anxious to procure the first pick and the choicest variety, and they bargain as closely, with as total an oblivion to all their fragrance and beauty, as if the goods were the most ordinary cloth or cotton.—New York World.

Some Great Unexplored Lands.

A great part of Asia and nearly three-fourths of Africa is a sealed book to us moderns. The explorations of Stanley, and those who preceded him, are mere spider tracks in the desert, and our best maps of Africa are half guesswork.

In Asia there is Thibet and Turkestan, and in Africa the great desert of Sahara to be explored. We know almost nothing of Borneo, Papua or Madagascar, and thousands of islands in the Pacific ocean are still unexplored.

Great tracts of Australia have never been trodden by the foot of a white man, and nearly all of South America inside of the coast lines is known only by hearsay and tradition. Coming up to our northern half of the continent, we encounter more unknown lands. Central America and Mexico offer fertile fields for exploration, and lower California has never been thoroughly explored.

In the far north is Greenland, Baffin Land, the great Hudson bay region, all of British America north of latitude 60 degs., and our great territory of Alaska. —Golden Days.

Women Writers in France.

A Paris correspondent says: The most discouraging obstacle the American woman has to contend with in Paris is the great number of English and French writers employed by the American press, while it is impossible for an American writer to be recognized by foreign journals. One of the most rabid anti-Americans, in his personal feelings, receives thousands of dollars a year from American magazines and journals. No woman can live by her pen who has not a regular salary. To attempt it is one of the most hazardous and vexatious undertakings. Haphazard correspondence is casting bread on the water that in nine cases out of ten brings back—the manuscript. Mrs. Hooper has a stated salary, which enables her to live in cozy apartments and enjoy Parisian life with comfort. Her daughter has studied for the stage, and last June created the role in a play which Mrs. Hooper has written, called "Helen's Inheritance."

For a Long Run.

Manager—Well, things look very prosperous. The new piece has made a hit.

Puffer—What makes you think the piece is a success?

Manager—The demand for passes.—America.

One of the largest forests in the world stands on ice. It is situated between the Ural and the Okhotsk sea. A well was recently dug in this region, when it was found that at a depth of 116 meters the ground was still frozen.

A HAUNTED ROOM.

In the dim chamber whence but yesterday
Passed my beloved, filled with awe I stand;
And haunting Loves fluttering on every hand
Whisper her praises who is far away.
A thousand delicate fancies glance and play
On every object which her robes have fanned,
And tenderest thoughts and hopes bloom and expand
In the sweet memory of her beauty's ray.
Ah! could that glass but hold the faintest trace
Of all the loveliness once mirrored there,
The clustering glory of the shadowy hair
That framed so well the dear young angel face!
But no, it shows my own face, full of care,
And my heart is her beauty's dwelling place.
—John Hay in Scribner's.

AN IRON DEVIL.

An Especially Murderous Locomotive on the East Tennessee Railroad.

There is a particularly vicious engine on the East Tennessee road.

It has killed twenty-seven men, and engineers and firemen feel a superstitious dread whenever they have to take a run on the rails with this man killer.

"I sometimes feel," said a grizzled old stoker a few days ago, "that there is a murderous spirit in that engine. She killed two men before she got on the rails. While she was being steamed up in the shops a plug blew out, and two mechanics were scalded to death. Then it was brought south and sent out on its first run. She mounted the rails and plunged down an embankment, killing her engineer and fireman.

"Soon afterwards she was fixed up and put on the road again. She ran for a while all right, until one night the engineer that was driving her saw a headlight bearing down on him and tried to reverse the lever and run back; but the engine acted like a mule and wouldn't answer to the throttle. She went whirling on and crashed into the other train. Five men were killed in the two engine boxes.

"But I can't remember half the devilry that engine has played. Once she seemed to get into the dumps while on the road and just wouldn't be managed. She acted as if the devil was in her cylinders. Whenever the engineer pulled open the throttle she would storm down the track like a hell cat, and it was like stopping a bucking bronco to get her down to a quiet pace.

"An emigrant train was running ahead, and the engineer of the man killer had orders to look out for it. After a run of an hour or so he came in sight of the emigrant train as it rumbled slowly up a heavy grade; then it disappeared over the crest and this devil of an engine went charging up and over about a minute behind. The engineer expected to see the emigrants away down the track, but they had slowed up and were only a few hundred yards ahead. Down went the engine bellowing like mad, and as soon as the emigrants heard it, out they steamed as fast as they could. But the old hell cat could outrun the Flying Dutchman, and there was no stopping her. She rushed down, eating up the space between her and her prey. Eager faces were looking out the windows of the passenger car ahead, and the engineer, fireman and coaler, when they found that they could not check the speed of the engine, stood at the doors ready for a leap.

"They had to take it pretty soon. Already the emigrants were leaping from the steps and rolling down the sides of the embankment. The enginemen waited till the last moment before the crash, and leaped for life—but were all killed.

"I am afraid to say how many lives were lost as the engine tore into that train packed with emigrants, but it swelled the list of the men that the old brute had killed.

"No matter what road she is on—and she has been on a great many—she has kept on killing the men who stood at her throttle. We all feel a little nervous when we have to run her, for when you steam her up it seems to put the devil in her."—Atlanta Journal.

A Good Use of Wealth.

In reference to your article, "What I Would Do if I Were Rich?" I would build in the suburbs of large cities cheap, substantial dwellings, which I would dispose of to the poor at a small rent a month, the rent to go towards the purchase of the house, and in each house I would place a bath room, a luxury not now enjoyed by the poorer classes, but very necessary. Erecting a large number of houses would minimize the expense.

I would, in the large cities where available, build a bath which might be used at a nominal cost by the poor. As it is now, the workingman's family is obliged to do without this "luxury." The person who has a claim to modesty cannot in the cramped quarters occupied by the poor, enjoy this health preserver. Half of the diseases are bred in the foul smelling garrets, etc., where the inmates await with eager anticipation the delights of the "free bath" that is open in the summer months. If this were done in the winter months you would soon observe a decrease in the death list.—Cor. Chatter.

Improved Transplanting Pot.

A valuable addition to the working outfit of a gardener is a new transplanting pot made in three parts, the body being divisible and the bottom removable, In transplanting, the bottom is removed from the body, the pot inserted in a hole in the ground, and the keys which control the grip of the side pieces are withdrawn, when the halves are pressed laterally apart and raised from the earth, leaving the earth and plant it had contained in the new location.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Experts on Counterfeit Money.

Miss H. L. Wright is one of the most efficient experts in counterfeit money. Miss Hoey is another, and has held her position for many years. Mrs. Fitzgerald is in the comptroller's office, where all the bank notes come for redemption. Much of the money that has arrived at the treasury by reason of railroad accidents passes through her hands. She is a sweet faced, white haired lady, and has been at her desk for twenty-five years.—Washington Letter in New York Press.

The Safest

AND most powerful alterative is Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Young and old are alike benefited by its use. For the eruptive diseases peculiar to children nothing else is so effective as this medicine, while its agreeable flavor makes it easy to administer.

"My little boy had large scrofulous ulcers on his neck and throat from which he suffered terribly. Two physicians attended him, but he grew continually worse under their care, and everybody expected he would die. I had heard of the remarkable cures effected by Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and decided to have my boy try it. Shortly after he began to take this medicine, the ulcers commenced healing, and, after using several bottles, he was entirely cured. He is now as healthy and strong as any boy of his age."—William F. Dougherty, Hampton, Va.

"In May last, my youngest child, fourteen months old, began to have sores gather on its head and body. We applied various simple remedies without avail. The sores increased in number and discharged copiously. A physician was called, but the sores continued to multiply until in a few months they nearly covered the child's head and body. At last we began the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. In a few days a marked change for the better was manifest. The sores assumed a more healthy condition, the discharges were gradually diminished, and finally ceased altogether. The child is livelier, its skin is fresher, and its appetite better than we have observed for months."—Frank M. Griffin, Long Point, Texas.

"The formula of Ayer's Sarsaparilla presents, for chronic diseases of almost every kind, the best remedy known to the medical world."—D. M. Wilson, M. D., Wiggs, Arkansas.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Price $1; six bottles, $5. Worth $5 a bottle.

When going to Europe,

OR SENDING FOR YOUR FRIENDS,

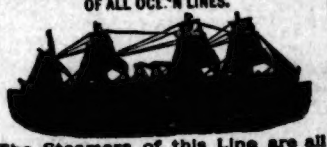
be sure to secure passage by one of the

MAGNIFICENT MAIL STEAMERS

OF THE FAMOUS

White Star Line

THE MOST SUCCESSFUL AND POPULAR OF ALL OCEAN LINES.



The Steamers of this Line are all built in Ireland.

MAJESTIC, TEUTONIC,
BRITANNIC, GERMANIC,
ADRIATIC, CELTIC,

SAILING EVERY WEDNESDAY FROM

NEW YORK AND LIVERPOOL,

Calling at QUEENSTOWN to Land and Embark Passengers and Mails.

The WHITE STAR LINE STEAMERS are among the LARGEST, FASTEST, SAFEST and FINEST afloat. They are lighted by Electricity, and are foremost in all appointments for the comfort of their passengers of all classes. Cabin passengers are carried only midships. Second Cabin and Steerage passengers are carried on same decks as Cabin, in large, well ventilated rooms. Although the accommodations are unexcelled, rates are as low as by any other strictly first class passenger line.

First and Second Cabin tickets, good for one year, issued at very moderate rates.

The Company's Drafts, payable on demand everywhere in England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales, and other European countries, for sale at lowest rates.

For rates of passage and further information apply to the White Star Line agent at your place, or to the Company's offices.

J. BRUCE ISMAY, G'l Ag't, 41 Broadway, New York.
N. ANDERSON, G'l W'n Ag't,
54 S. Clark Street, Chicago.
UNDER SHERMAN HOUSE.

FOR MEN ONLY!

VIGOR AND STRENGTH for LOST or FAILING MANHOOD: Debility and NERVOUS DEBILITY; Weakness of Body and Mind, Effects of Errors or Excesses in Old or Young. Robust, Noble MANHOOD fully Restored. How to enlarge, Strengthen WEAK, UNDEVELOPED ORGANS & PARTS of BODY. Nervous Prostration, Nervousness, MORE TREATMENT—Benefits in a day. Certain to testify from 50 States and Foreign Countries. Write them for testimony, proofs, explanation and private, sealed (sealed) free. Address ERIE MEDICAL CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

THREE GREAT CITIES of the WEST

LINKED TOGETHER BY THE

CHICAGO & ALTON R. R.

No Change of Cars OF ANY CLASS BETWEEN { CHICAGO & KANSAS CITY, CHICAGO & ST. LOUIS, AND ST. LOUIS & KANSAS CITY.

Union Depots in ST. LOUIS, KANSAS CITY, and CHICAGO. No other line runs

PALACE DINING CARS

between CHICAGO and KANSAS CITY, CHICAGO and ST. LOUIS, and ST. LOUIS and KANSAS CITY. Meals equal to those served in any First-Class Hotel, only 75 cents. The finest

PALACE RECLINING CHAIR CARS

in the world are run in all Through Trains, day and night, without change, and FREE OF EXTRA CHARGE.

PULLMAN PALACE SLEEPING CARS

the finest, best and safest in use anywhere.

The best and quickest route from CHICAGO to MEMPHIS, MOBILE, NEW ORLEANS, and all points SOUTH via ST. LOUIS.

The Short Line to

Missouri, Arkansas, Texas, Kansas, Colorado, New Mexico, Arizona, Nebraska, Oregon, California, etc.

The GREAT EXCURSION ROUTE between the NORTH and SOUTH, and to and from the KANSAS LANDS and the HEALTH RESORTS and MINING DISTRICTS of the West and South-west.

See that your tickets read via "CHICAGO & ALTON RAILROAD."

For Maps, Time Tables, and all information, address

JAMES CHARLTON,
General Passenger and Ticket Agent,
220 Dearborn Street, Corner Adams Street,
CHICAGO, ILL.

J. C. McMULLIN, Vice-President.
C. M. CHAPPELL, General Manager.

SOCIETY DIRECTORY.

ILLINOIS CATHOLIC ORDER OF FORESTERS.

HIGH COURT OFFICERS.

Prof J. P. Lauth, H C R, 261 N Clark st.
John O'Neill, H V C R, Milwaukee, Wis.
J J Dillon, H. S, 194 N Clark st. N Wallenborn, H. Treas., 319 E Division st. Dr. J W Niles, H M E, 396 LaSalle av. Chas Langele, S C. Stephen Conley, J C. J D Baggio, I R. Jas Kelley, O S.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS.

J P Lauth, John O'Neill, J J Dillon, N Wallenborn, Dr J W Niles, P J Cahill, P Chambers, N F Franchere, John Bedsore, Henry Deimer, John W Clancy.

SUBORDINATE COURT OFFICERS.

Holy Family Court No. 1—J K Clowry, C R, 433 Blue Island av; J L Smith, Treas; W J Wallace, R S, 120 W Taylor st; G B Brackett, F S; Dr G C Symon, C F. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, Sodality hall, cor May and 11th.

Columbia Court No. 2—Thos Mailey, C R, 24 Burnsey st; Wm Flanagan, R S, 2 Smart st; E D LeTourneau, F S; P J Sheehy, Treas; Dr J B Phelan, C F. Meet 1st Thursday, 8 p m, and 3d Sunday, 3 p m, in McElroy's hall, corner Indiana and Paulina sts.

Sacred Heart Court No. 3—James O'Neill, C R, 138 W 18th st; P J O'Keefe, R S, 265 E Indiana st; Hugh P Moran, F S; Henry Powers, Treas; Dr Wm C King, C F. Meet 1st and 3d Thursday cor. Canalport av and Union st.

St. Pius Court No. 4—P T Nichol, C R, 245 Hastings st; Francis McEnaney, R S, 729 Hinman st; F M Quinn, F S; John Durkin, Treas; Dr David O'Shea, C F. Meet 2d and 4th Fridays, St Pius school hall, Twentieth st and Ashland av.

Jaques Carter Court No. 5—Geo Dalziel, C R, Blackhawk and Cherry sts; H Langiois, R S, Vernon Park place; A St Pierre, F S; H F Franchere, Treas; Dr F W Fitzgerald, C F. Meet 1st Blue Island av, 2nd and 4th Sunday. Conducted in the French language.

St. John's Court No. 6—Henry C Johnson, C R, 2127 State st; Wm J Graham, R S, 179 E 18th st; T J Magner, F S; D M McKindley, Treas; Dr D B Sullivan, C F. Meet in St. John's hall, 1st and 3rd Wednesday.

St. James Court No. 7—A B Perrigo, C R, 2907 State st; Henry S Mowson, R S, 2516 Butterfield st; W J Erler, F S; D B Quinlan, Treas; Dr P S MacDonald, C F. Meet 1st and 3rd Friday, at 2974 State st.

St. Joseph's Court No 8—J J Lawler, C R, 11 W 11th st; Wm A Hoyne, R S, 237 Centre av; Thomas J Holland, F S; Thos G Martin, Treas; Dr Jeremiah Mather, C F. Meet 2d and 4th Wednesday, Sodality Hall, May and Eleventh st.

All Saints' Court No. 9—Jos A Smith, C R, 165 Napoleon place; B B Brady, R S, 505 Sedgwick st; Thos F Williamson, F S; J Griffin, Treas; Dr D Collins, C F. Meet at hall 2441 Archer av, 1st and 3d Tuesday.

St. Mary's Court, No. 10—J G Schubert, C R, 123 22d st; W G Brennan, R S, 123 22d st; James Drury, F S, 95 E Polk st; Michael Moran, Treas, 25 Miller st; Dr W J Clary, C F; 163 State st. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, 8 p m, basement St Mary's church, Wabash ave and Eldridge ct.

Nativity Court, No. 11—Mathew Lamb, C R, 3456 Halsted st; J B McAuliffe, R S, 3626 Emerald ave; Thomas Ryan, F S; John Carney, Treas; Dr J B McNamara, C F. Meet at hall 37th and Halsted sts, 1st and 3d Tuesday.

St. Patrick's Court, No. 12—John Davy, C R, 17 Aberdeen st; M J Ryan, R S, 971 Spalding ave; George B Valentine, F S; Wm J Moody, Treas; Dr C Hogan, C F. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesday, in Fitzgerald's hall, corner Adams and Halsted sts.

Marquette Court, No. 13—Thomas Rogers, C R, 451 W Ohio st; D B Hansen, R S, 253 W Adams st; M O O'Kane, F S; J B Shiel, Treas; Dr P H Connolly, C F. Meet 2d Sunday 3 p m, last Friday 7:30 p m, at Anchor hall, cor. Paulina and Indiana sts.

Holy Name Court, No. 14—Hugh Mealey, C R, 271 E Superior st; M C Cooney, R S, 382 Wells st; J F Owens, F S; J F Jaeger, Treas; Dr J K Winer, C F. Meet at Feehan hall, 2d and 4th Tuesday.

St. Thomas' Court, No. 15—Thos Mulvihill, C R, Woodlawn Park; John Mott, R S, box 69, Woodlawn Park; Thos W Gray, F S; P Chambers, Treas; Dr A E Garceau, C F. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays in Flood's hall, Hyde Park.

St. Gabriel's Court, No. 16—John Hunt, C R; Peter Quigley, R S, 608 Root st; John Hale, F S; Wm Treacy, Treas; Dr J Rielly, C F. Meet 1st and 3d Sundays, 45th and Wallace sts.

St. John Baptist Court, No. 17—Somonauk, Ill—Felix Meyers, C R; John McNamara, R S, Somonauk; Henry Ruehlmann, F S; Geo Denilauler, Treas; Dr Edward Molitor, C F. Meet 2d and 4th Saturdays, in School hall.

St. Ignatius Court No. 18—Bryan Farley, C R, 110 Hastings st; Philip Devlin, R S, 201 S May st; S A Clow, F S; T J Lee, Treas; Dr T F O'Malley, C F. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, Templar's hall, 250 Blue Island av

Western Reserve Court, No. 19—J Sexton, C R, 1009 Lake st; A J Vance, R S, 505 Park av; F Noonan, F S; H C Latus, Treas; Dr M H McGrath, C F. Meet 2d Sunday 4:30 p m, 4th Wednesday 7:30 p m, in Aqua Pura hall, 1066 W Lake st.

St. Nicholas' Court, No. 20—Peter Roth, C R, 409 26th st; N Pauly, R S, 2013 Wentworth av; F H Moninger, F S; M W Fois, Treas; Dr Emil Gilgohaan, C F. Meet last Tuesday in basement St Antonius' church, cor. 24th place and Hanover st., and 2nd Sunday, Schaeffer's hall, 2241 Hanover st.

St. Patrick's Court, No 21; South Chicago—Wm Tully, C R; Michael O'Neill, R S; F McWinnie, F S; D M Duggan, Treas; Dr J L Larkin, C F. Meet 3d and 4th Thursday in St. Patrick's hall, South Chicago.

St. Elizabeth's Court No. 22—B Burns, C R, 4432 LaSalle st; C A Reidy, R S, 796 Thirty-seventh st; Hugh O'Hare, F S; Thos M Curtin, Treas; Dr Chas P Caldwell, C F. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in St. Elizabeth School hall, 41st and State sts.

St. Sylvester's Court No. 23—P H Brady, C R, 809 Tallman av; E W Nye, R S, Humboldt Park P O; H Smith, F S; E N Ashenden, Treas; Dr D W Nolan, C F. Meet 2nd Sunday 3 p m, 4th Sunday 7:30 p m, at Legnio's hall, Western and North ave.

St. Benedict's Court No. 24—J F Lauth, C R, 261 N Clark st; Wm Klein, R S, 62 Mohawk st; Jacob Alt, F S; P Mueller, Treas; Dr Jas F Buck, C F. Meet in St. Joseph's School hall, cor. Hill and Franklin sts, 2nd and 4th Wednesday.

Notre Dame Court No. 25—P O Harbour, C R, 196 Blue Island av; M Dore, R S, 14 Sangamon st; A Aubry, F S; J B Lovreen, Treas; Dr E D St Cyr, C F. Meet 1st Sunday, 3 p m, 3rd Sunday, 8 p m, at Franchere's hall, 188 Blue Island av. Conducted in the French language.

St. Peter's Court, No. 26—H J Cremer, C R, 226 Sherman st; Frank A Rucera, R S, 526 S Morgan st; Joseph Seitz, F S; Val Schmitter hmitt, Treas; Dr J J Thometz, C F. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursday, 8 p m, basement St. Peter's church.

St. Aloysius' Court, No. 27—J Murphy, C R, 245 S Jefferson st; Julius Baier, R S, 209 W Thirteenth st; John McBbes, F S; John J Mansell, Treas; Dr Wm A Synon, C F. Meet in Sodality hall, Eleventh and May sts, 2nd and 4th Tuesdays.

Annunciation Court, No. 28—C A Hawley, C R, 260 N Bogne av; Edmond O Foley, R S, 412 Waubansia av; Joseph E Gleason, F S; James Burke, Treas; Dr. Charles Venn, C F. Meet corner Robey and Milwaukee av, 1st and 3d Sunday, 3 p m.

St. Ambrose Court, No. 29—P Favel, C R, 263 Blue Island av; John Burggraf, R S 144 Ambrose st; Aug Ehlebrecht, F S; Henry Schlitz, Treas; Dr Brand, C F. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesdays, 188 Ambrose st, 8 p m.

Im. Conception Court, No. 30—D Deegan, C R, 226 Hudson av; W J Stapleton, R S, 236 Cleveland av; Joseph P Holden, F S; Edward O'Dea, Treas; Dr F H Cronin, C F. Meet 2nd and 4th Friday, in Muth's hall, 30 Clybourn av.

St. Vincent de Paul's Court, No. 31—D A Lawtench, C R, 241 Webster av; Jos F Lust, R S, 222 Blackhawk st; J Conway, F S; Patrick McGuire, Treas; Dr Geo W Reynolds, C F. Meet 1st Sunday and 3rd Wednesday, at 3 and 8 o'clock p m, in Scool hall.

St. Stephen's Court, No. 32—J Hanrahan, C R, 16 E Sangamon st; David Costrell, R S, 616 Larrabee st; J Kavanagh, F S; M Mitchell, treas; Dr J T Stanton, C F. Meet 1st Wednesday 8 p m and 3d Sunday 3 p m, 599 Milwaukee av.

St. Michael's Court, No. 33—A Von Tesmar, C R, 241 Orchard st; John J Blindauer, R S, 156 Hudson av; M F Engel, F S; Henry Schomer, Treas; Dr Jas P Buck, C F. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesday, St Michael's hall, cor North and Hudson ave.

St. Martin's Court, No. 34—Mathias Pitts, C R, 93 Gardner st; P Schmitt, R S, 200 Mohawk st; Fred'k Kriegs, F S; M Franzen, Treas; Dr Charles Keller, C F. Meet 2nd and 4th Saturday, Brand's hall, cor North and Clybourne av.

St. Lawrence Court, No. 35—Grand Crossing, Cook county, Ill—Michael Conlin, C R; J O Hayes, R S; S Marks, F S; A Neeb, Treas; Dr O W Pusey, C F. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, 8 p m, Social hall.

Cathedral Court, No. 36—P McGarry, C R, 449 Seminary av; L Bohrer, R S, 223 Elm st; J P Devine, F S; P T Scanlan, Treas; Dr P H Cronin, C F. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesday, hall 324 E Division st.

St. Agnes' Court, No. 37—John Begane, C R, Brighton Park; Daniel Kane, R S, Brighton Park; John Grady, F S; D Ackerman, Treas; Dr D Egan, C F. Meet 1st and 3rd Monday, 8 p m, Parish School, Brighton.

Blessed Virgin Court No. 38—Peter Doyle, C R, 71 Cleero court; L A Lafont, R S, 1704 W Twelfth st; Chas E Browne, F S; Dr L A Harcourt, C F. Meet in school hall of Our Lady of Sorrows, 1st Sunday and 3d Thursday at 2:30 and 7:30 p m.

St. Ann's Court No. 39—Thos A Kenny, C R, 5594 Wentworth av; John McCoy, R S, 4946 Dearborn st; James Kerwin, F S; J J Cowan, Treas; Dr Doherty, C F. Meet in Kerwin's hall, Fifty fifth st and Wentworth av, 1st and 3rd Fridays

St. Alphonsus' Court No. 40—L Brieski, C R, 597 Southport av; Chas J Flugel, R S, 36 Clifton av; A Jobst, F S; Felix Hottinger, Treas; Dr John M Jacobs, C F. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, Werheim's hall, Racine and Belmont ave.

Cour Lavel Court, No. 41—Adolphe Fournier, C R, Brighton P O; Adolph Bourbeau, R S, Brighton Park, Ill; F Deguise, F S; John B Drouin, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Sunday, at 7:30 p m, in McMahon's hall, 3137 Archer av.

St. Bridget's Court No. 42—J Schneider, C R, 5611 Emerald av; Thomas Duffy, R S, 3044 Ashland av; Thomas Lyons, F S; M McMahon, Treas. Meet in McMahon's hall 3137 Archer av, 1st Monday, 7:30 p m, 3rd Sunday 2:30 p m.

St. Boniface Court No. 43—Peter Mueller, C R, 598 Milwaukee av; Peter Schomer, Jr, R S, 102 Cornell st; Peter H Heinrichs, F S; W Kern, Treas; Dr Chas Venn, C F. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, School hall, St. Boniface parish

St. Charles Court No. 44, Evanston—Chas O'Donahue, C R; John M Flood, R S; Daniel McCann, F S; E P Mereoh, Treas; Dr E H Webster, C F. Meet 2nd and 4th Wednesdays, Foresters hall.

St. Hubert's Court No. 45—John Kolle, C R, 795 Milwaukee av; H J Sommers, R S, 587 W Chicago av; J H Heller, F S; Frank Pioh, Treas; Dr Chas Venn, C F. Meet 2nd and 4th Sunday at 994 milwaukee av.

McMullen Court No. 46—M J Kelly, C R, 153 Huron st; P C Crane, R S, 381 Orchard st; E E Morgan, F S; G Tierney, Treas; Dr J A Benson, C F. meet in North Side Turner hall, N Clark st. 1st and 3rd Tuesdays.

St. Leo Court No. 47—P E Hickey, C R, 1423 W Madison st; J J Hickey, R S, 490 W Indiana st; G Fitzgerald, F S; G White, Treas; Dr Wm Deegan, C F. Meet 2nd Tuesday at 7:30 p m, and 4th Sunday at 3 p m, Anchor hall, Indiana and Paulina sts.

St. George Court No. 48—Hubert Hartig, C R, 2049 Lyman st; Martin Hotzus, R S, 2617 Emerald av; C Hiersbach, F S; Chas Transcht, Treas; Dr D Egan, C F. Meet 1st and 3rd Monday Dayes hall, cor Sanger st and Archer av.

St. Mary Court No. 49, Springfield, Ill.—J J Mulnerney, C R; John Carey, R S; Eugene Colgan, F S; D O'D Hallihan, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays.

Assumption Court No. 50, (Italian)—F Brocciani, C R, 436 milwaukee av; G B Lagomarsino, R S, 70 E Indiana st; J L Pierozzi, Treas. Meet in Assumption church.

St. Henry Court No. 51—Peter F Krantz, C R; Nicholas Allen, R S; M Winandy, F S; M Jacques, Treas. Meet in St. Henry school hall, Rosehill, 2d and 4th Thursdays.

Col. Mulligan Court No. 52—A J Teely, C R, Room 31 Reaper Block; N J Pauly, R S, 256 W Congress st; P B Hayes, F S; Denis Molyneux, Treas. meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays in Fitzgerald's hall, cor Halsted and Adams sts.

Wankegan Court No. 53—J H Finney, C R; J J Jemison, R S; John Michaels, F S; J H Dady, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Monday in Catholic school hall

St. Francis Court No. 54—K J Cody, C R, 93 Coulter st; Ed J O'Neill, R S, 93 Coulter st; David McGann, F S; Florence McCarthy, Treas. meet 1st and 3rd Tuesdays in St. Pius school hall, 20th and Ashland av.

St. Bernard Court No. 55—D Sullivan, C R, 445 31st st; J J Kenney, R S, 2816 S. Park av; John W Carroll, F S; Joseph Walsh, Treas. meet 2nd and 4th Fridays at 2974 State st.

Canadian Court No. 56—L Drolet, C R; E G Richter, R S; L Goudreau, Jr., F S; M F Bachant, Treas; Dr. J N Fraser, C F. Kankakee, Ill.

St. Cecelia's Court No. 57—J J Seppie, C R, 4511 Wentworth av; D Kavanagh, R S, 4721 Butterfield st; N H Powers, F S; M Cronin, Treas. meet in St. Cecelia's hall, 2nd Sunday and 4th Wednesday

ANCIENT ORDER OF HIBERNIANS.

COOK COUNTY DIRECTORY.

County Board meets second Sunday of each month at 3 p. m., at Fitzgerald's hall, S. E. cor. Halsted and Adams sts.

County Delegate, J. W. McCarthy, Lemont, Ill.
County Secretary, P. B. Flanagan, 3623 Fifth avenue.
County Financial Secretary, W. J. Doherty.
County Treasurer, James H. Lynch.

DIVISION OFFICERS.

Division No. 1.—Wm. Sullivan, Pres., 198 Forquer st; B. J. Callaghan, V. P.; M. A. Manley, Rec. Sec., 375 Oak st.; Michael Lavin, Fin. Sec.; Dominick F. Cannon, Treas. Meets 1st Monday of each month at 182 W. Madison st.

Div. No. 2—M. McCarthy, Pres., 610 Thirty-second-st.; Thos. Halpin, V.-P.; J. P. O'Brien, Rec. Sec. 923 Thirty-fifth-st; Wm. Holton, Fin Sec; M. Lamb, Treas. Meet at 2325 S. Halsted st., 1st Saturday of every month.

Div. No. 4—Daniel Collins, 361 S. Halsted-st., Pres.; J. Fletcher, V. P.; Daniel Cordon, Rec. Sec., 629 S Halsted-st; P. F. Radigan, Fin.Sec.; M. Blake, Treas. Meets last Sunday of each month at 3 p m, at Canalport-av. and Union-st.

Div No. 5—Timothy Collins, Pres., 2106 State st; William White, V. P.; Michael C. Prell, Recording Sec., 44 Depuyster st.; P. V. Fitzpatrick, Fin. Sec.; James Fitzpatrick, Treas. Meet second Wednesday of each month at 8 p m. at 144 E. Twenty-second st.

Div. No. 6—P. G. McGuire, Pres., 4217 Wentworth-av; M. Reilly, V. P.; Peter Quigley, Rec. Sec., 672 Forty-third-st.; John Moore, Fin. Sec., Mm. Murray, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday of month at 3 p m, in Town Hall. Town of Lake.

Div. No. 7—Pres., M. J. Barret, 444 Orden av.; Rec. Sec., William Mandon, 476 W Fifteenth-st.; Fin. Sec., James E O'Brien, 376 S Morgan st.; Treas., Mark Hardin, 432 W. Twelfth st. Meet at 446 W. Twelfth st. the second Sunday of each month at 7:30 p m.

Div. No. 8—James F. Sweeney, Pres., 375 Oak st; P. Dunn, V. P.; Michael D. Sullivan, Rec. Sec., 235 N Market st; M J Lyons, Fin. Sec.; Jas. A. Flanagan, Treas. Meet first Sunday of each of month at 3 p m, in North Side Turner Hall.

Div. No. 9—T C Egan, Pres; T Ahern, V. P.; J Colbert, Rec. Sec.; M. J. McManus, Fin. Sec; T Farrell, Treas. Meets the first Sunday of each month at 3 p m, in Eigenman's Hall, South Chicago.

Div. No. 11—Pres., Dominick Nicholson, 56 Emerson av.; V.-P., Dennis Foley; Rec. Sec., John Bobsin, 326 W Indiana st; Fin. Sec., M. E. Lynch, Treas., Martin J. Corcoran. Meets first Monday of each month at Anchor hall, cor. Paulina and Indiana sts.

Div. No. 13—Pres., Patrick Crimmins, 2962 Deering st; V.-P., John J. Roche; Rec. Sec., James Lane, 3139 Ashland av; Fin. Sec., William J. Joyce; Treas., James Kelly. Meet first Sunday each month at 3 p m, in Kasner's hall, Lock st. and Archer av.

Div. No. 14—Pres., James Noonan; V.-P., Austin Clark; Rec. Sec., John Prendergast; Fin. Sec., Edward Rogers; Treas., J. W. McCarthy. Meets first Sunday of each month at 3 p m, in Dorrie hall, Lemont Ill.

Div No. 16—Pres. M. J. Ryan, 267 Michigan st; V.-P., James Unwell; Rec. Sec., William Tait, 81 George st; Fin. Sec., Andrew G. Duggan; Treas, James O'Connor. Meet third Sunday each month at 3 p. m., at North Side Turner Hall.

Div. No. 17—President, P. B. Flanagan, 3623 Fifth av; V.P., Martin Mulcahy; Rec. Sec., William Corcoran, 3739 Butterfield st; Fin. Sec, Lawrence Hensly; Treas., Thomas Finnigan. Meets first Tuesday each month at 8 p m, 3726 State st.

Div. No. 19—Pres., M. Lofus, cor W Forty-third and Lase sts.; V.-P., M Clark; Rec. Sec., Jeremiah Sreehahan; Fin. Sec., Jas. Mulcare; Treas. Jas. Dougherty. Meets fourth Monday of each month at Tilton's school house, Central Park, Ill., at 7 p m.

Div. No. 20—Pres., James H. Lynch, 73 Archer av; V.-P., C A Beedy; Rec. Sec., Thomas J. Waldron, 3321 LaSalle st; Fin. Sec., Joseph W. Connell; Treas., Michael McCarthy. Meets first and third Thursdays of each month in Quealy's hall, 3749 S. Halsted st.

Div. No. 21—Pres. Hugh Hackett; 156 Sherman st; V. P., John Moran; Rec. Sec., P. J. Barrett, 710 Loomis-st.; Fin. Sec., George Connolly; Treas., T. D. Clifford. Meets 3rd Sunday each month, at 3 p. m., at 188 Blue Island-av.

Div. No. 22—Pres., James Fitzpatrick, 1201 N Western av.; V.-P., F. McMahon; Rec. Sec., Andrew Hickey, 1299 N Paulina st; Fin. Sec., P. J. Donohue; Treas., Martin Quinn. First Monday of each month at 8 p m, at corner Hinman and Wood sts.

Div. No. 23—Pres. William J. Dougherty, 47th st. and Centre av.; V.-P., J. McGeoghegan; Rec. Sec., Thomas Baker, 4714 Loomis st.; Fin. Sec., James Doherty; Treas., Patrick Grace. Meet first Sunday of each month at 3 p m, at Bishop's hall, corner Forty-seventh st. and Ashland avenue.

Div. No. 25—Pres., James F. Cantion, 251 N Carpenter ...; V.-P., Thomas Flynn; Rec. Sec., Joseph A. O'Donnell, 250 N. May st; Fin. Sec., W. J. Graham; Treas., E. Franey. Meets the first Sunday of each month at 3 p m, in Apollo Hall, Milwaukee avenue.

Div. No. 26—Pres. John McHerns, 3229 Wentworth av; V.-P. J F Dohesy; Rec. Sec., Hugh McNally, 4425 School st; Fin. Sec., James Kerwin; Treas., Lawrence Reynolds. Meet second Saturday of each month at, 8 p m, at Fifty-first st. and Wentworth-av.

Div. No. 29—Pres. Alexander Reilly, Kensington; Rec. Sec., Dennis Guest, Kensington; Fin. Sec., John Travers; Treas, Thomas Markey. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesdays of each month at 8 p m, in Pullman, Ill.

Div. No. 31—Pres. John Dowling, 227 S. California av; V.-P. Thomas Franey; Rec. Sec., Charles A. McCarthy, 1311 Lexington st; Fin. Sec., Thomas Judge; Treas., James C. King. Meets first Saturday each month at 1066 W. Lake st.

Div. No. 35—Pres., Thomas Doyle, 3109 Lowe av; V.-P. J. O'Brien; Rec. Sec., Charles F. Holbrook, 3539 S. Halsted st.; Fin. Sec., Michael J O'Brien; Treas., Michael Kavanaugh. Meets first Sunday of each month at 3 p m, at Thirty-seventh and Dashiel sts.

EMERALD BENEFICIAL ASSOCIATION OF NORTH AMERICA.

INTERNATIONAL GRAND BRANCH.

Spiritual Directors, Rev. John F. Brady, Lambertville, N. J.; Rev. J. D. Bowles, Fremont, O.

President, Rev. F. G. Lentz, Tipton, Ind.
First Vice-President, Dr. J. T. Bussey, Baltimore, Md.
Second Vice-President, Michael Mullin, Troy, N. Y.
Secretary, J. B. McCalley, Pittsburg, Pa.
Treasurer, David A. Carey, Toronto, Ont.
Marshal, Henry Britch, Girard, O.
Sergeant-at-Arms, Thomas Callahan, Norfolk, Va.

St. Stephens Branch No. 4.—President, Robert Lynch, 215 W. Kinzie-st.; Vice-Pres. Dr. William O'Connell; Secretary, P. J. McKeague, 566 Carroll av; Treas, J. J. Clements; Marshal, Michael Maldoon. Meets the 1st and 3rd Sundays of each month at the corner of Sangamon and Ohio streets.

ANCIENT ORDER OF HIBERNIANS R. OF E

NATIONAL OFFICERS.

Elected at the New York National Convention, May, 1889.

Laurence Kelly, National Delegate, High st., Yonkers, N. Y.
Patrick Dugan, National Secretary, 503 Grove st., Jersey City, N. J.
John O'Callaghan, National Treasurer, 734 Carroll av., Chicago, Ill.

STATE DELEGATES.

M. Cramer, 60 Saltingstall av, New Haven, Conn.
John L. Cunningham, 2200 Sidney st, St. Louis, Mo.
Owen Carroll, cor Second st, and Newark av., Jersey City, N. J.
Thomas Breen, Newton, Kas.
John Patten, No. 1 Freeman Ct., Roxbury Dist., Boston, Mass.
Rich. Powers, 3617 Dashiel st, Chicago, Ill.
John McFarland, 3734 Carson st., Pittsburg, Pa.
J. McDonald, Excelsior, Mahaska Co, Ia.
Terrence Donahue, 501 W. Forty-third st, New York city.
Thomas Norton, 431 Minnie st, San Francisco, Cal.
J. V. Canavan, Appleton, Wis.
T. F. Thornton, 2010 third av, Birmingham, Ala.
Dan Gallagher, Box 408, Steubenville, O.
William Sheerin, Trinidad, Colo.
P. M. Lunday, 233 Union av, St. Pueblo.
P. J. Healy, 2304 Seventh st., N W, Washington, D. C.
Thos. Noonan, 88 E Seventh st., St. Paul, Minn.
John W. Conoly, Lonaconing, Maryland.
Patrick Walsh, Benwood, West Virginia.
P. J. Walsh, 19 Spring st. Portland, Me.
Patrick Cleary, Escanaba, Mich.
Thomas Banks, Co. Secretary, 204 Mott st, New York city, Agent for New York.

OFFICERS OF THE ILLINOIS WIDOWS' AND ORPHANS' BENEFICIARY FUND.

President, Thomas Flood, 523 Austin av Chicago.
Vice-President, James Walsh, Springfield, Ill.
Secretary, John Mulvihill, 378 W.

TO MY SISTER.

We found it hard to say
"Good-bye" that day;
Those little words so often mean so much
We could not say when next, with living touch,
Our hands would clasp as in the dear dead years
And tho' brave Hope shone brightly through our fears
We could not check our tears.

For memories come from out each filmy cell
Where deep they dwell,
And led us back to scenes endeared to both,
Identified with our affections' growth;
Each lovely spot e'en now more lovely yet!
What wonder was it that our cheeks were wet
That day when last we met?

Thy heart, since then, hath known
A'one! Alone!
The leaden weight of sorrow's cruel hand;
And mine quick beating to a far off land,
Now feverish with fear and sickening dread
Now wild with hope that grief and care had fled
And peace had come instead!

If I could smooth a care,
Or sorrow share,
Or, rather, lift it from thy heart to mine
I would not leave of grief a single line,
Or vestige, as God hears to me! or trace
To mar the beauty of thy dear sweet face—
Pride of my heart and race!

Tho' clouds roll darkly now
Above thy brow,
And joy, to thy sad seeming, be remote,
Is there no music left in Hope's sweet trust
To wake the life-chords of the heart again?
Oh! do not say sweet-singer-Hope's refrain
Is music sung in vain.

No cloud hath ever been
Without the sheen
Of God's sunlight on it, soon or late,
And, even so, the heart disconsolate
Shall find it's darkest gloom again made bright
With rays of love from God's celestial height
God love thee, dear. Good night!

W.W.McC.

Omaha, Neb., March 24.

Through Vestibuled and Colonist Sleepers Between Chicago and Tacoma, Wash., and Portland, Ore

The Wisconsin Central and Northern Pacific lines run through Pullman Vestibuled and Colonist Sleepers between Chicago and Tacoma, Wash., and Portland, Ore. The train known as the "Pacific Express" leaves the Grand Central Passenger Station, at the corner of Fifth avenue and Harrison street, at 10:45 p.m. daily. For tickets, berths in Pullman or Colonist Sleepers, etc., apply to Geo. K Thompson, City Passenger and Ticket Agent, 205 Clark street, or to F. J. Eddy, Depot Ticket Agent, Grand Central Passenger Station, corner Fifth avenue and Harrison street Chicago, Ill.

DON'T GIVE UP, there is a cure for catarrh and cold in the head. Thousands testify that Ely's Cream Balm has entirely cured them. It is a safe and pleasant remedy. It is applied into the nostrils. It is not a liquid or snuff It cures by cleansing and healing Price 50c.

Didn't Want Millet to See It.

S. R. Callaway, a prominent officer of the Grand Trunk railroad, was, some years ago, connected with a western road, and necessarily spent much of his time where his western interests lay. Out there he met Millet, the artist. Mr. Callaway and the painter came together on a hunting trip and became quite intimate, which resulted in the railway man inviting the artist to make a visit at his home. The invitation was accepted and the two started homeward. Just before reaching the city where he lived Mr. Callaway went into a telegraph office and wired to his wife: "Millet, the artist, is coming home with me for a few days' visit; take that chromo out of the dining room."—Chicago Herald.

"For Rent."

Says a La Salle street agent: "I am going to make an innovation which I think renters will appreciate. I am going to have all the houses and flats for which I am agent photographed. These photographs will be in my office. They will give the applicant some sort of an idea of the premises before he goes to make an investigation. Wherever I have a house or flat for rent I will arrange to have the key to the premises convenient and will pay the man who keeps the key a percentage of the first month's rent to answer all questions regarding the premises. A man who rents a house to live in has some rights. The time is about at hand when the unaccommodating landlord who cares for nothing but his rental will have to adopt some other business. The old fashioned house and flat must give way pretty soon. There is too much in the way of modern improvements for the old style houses."—Chicago Tribune.

WILL BE PUBLISHED,

On or About April 7th Next,

"WARPATH AND BIVOUAC,

OR THE

CONQUEST OF THE SIOUX,"

BY JOHN F. FINERTY,

War Correspondent for the "Chicago Times" on the Indian Frontier.

The book will comprise two parts in one octavo volume of over 450 pages, with Map and Illustrations. It will be issued in two styles of binding, Half Morocco, Gilt Edges, at $3 50 per volume; and Extra Fine, Silk Finished Cloth, with Marble Edges, at $2 per volume. The book will contain the most exciting narratives of the Great Indian Wars of 1876 and 1879 ever published, and will be a valuable memento of American valor and endurance, and of Indian ferocity and prowess, in every household. All subscriptions and orders should be sent to JOHN F. FINERTY, 79 DEARBORN-ST., CHICAGO, and to him all checks, money orders, etc., should be made payable. The volume will be brought out in the very best style by the printers and binders, Messrs Donohue, Henneberry & Co., of this city.

In addition to the table of contents already announced, Mr. Finerty's book will include an account of Gen. Miles' battles with Lame Deer and Chief Joseph, in 1877; and also a sketch of Gen. George A. Forsyth's celebrated fight, against overwhelming numbers of Indians, on the forks of the Republican river, and other highly interesting matter.

Contemplating
Important Changes
We Discount Our Low Prices

20 Per Cent.

When prices have been harmonized down to the lowest notch; lower by far than such goods as we would offer you ought to be sold at, and then to discount those prices 20 per cent—is very close to giving the goods away. That's the sacrafice we are now making on all

Ready-Made Clothing.

Made-to-Measure Clothing.

Hats and Shoes.

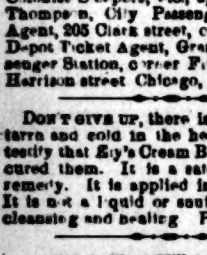
Contemplating important business changes prompt us to make this move, and we give you the benefit now.

All Goods mentioned above, in or out of season, included.

Prices in plain figures.

WANAMAKER & BROWN,

State and Adams Streets.



CATARRH ELY'S CREAM BALM

Cleanses the Nasal Passages, Allays Pain and Inflammation, Heals the Sores, Restores the Senses of Tas and Smell.

HAY-FEVER TRY the CURE

A particle is applied into each nostril and is agreeable. Price 50 cents at Druggists; by mail, registered, 60 cents.

ELY BROTHERS, 35 Warren-st., N. Y.

JOHN NACHTEN. M. J. NACHTEN.

JOHN NACHTEN & CO.,

GENERAL AGENTS

Hibernia Insurance Company,

OF NEW ORLEANS, LA.

Chicago Office, 181 LaSalle-st.

TELEPHONE NO. 933.

A CATHOLIC OF GOOD HABITS AND fair education wanted in several sections of United States and Canada. Permanent employment and good pay to industrious person. Reference required. B. NEUGUE BROTHERS, 26 & 28 Barclay-st., New York.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

Tailors and Drapers.

JAMES CUSHING, The Artistic and Reliable Merchant Tailor and Draper, No. 208 South Halsted-st., near VanBuren. A Perfect Fit Guaranteed

Attorneys.

BRADY, MATTHEW P., Attorney and Counsellor-at-Law, 93 Portland Block, 107 Dearborn-st. Chicago.

JAMES O'CONNELL, Attorney-at-Law, Room 905 Chicago Opera House, Corner Clark and Washington-sts.

WARD, JAMES H., Lawyer, Suite 507 and 508, Real Estate Board Building, N. E. cor. Dearborn and Randolph sts.

Grocers.

HOGGAN, WILLIAM, Dealer in Teas, Wines and Liquors. 44 & 46 Canalport avenue, Chicago. Choice Butter a Specialty. All Goods Warranted.

O'BRIENE, P. Dealer in Staple and Fancy Groceries and Ship Supplies. Best Brands of Flour. Choice Butter a Specialty. Glass and Crockery Ware. 249 W. Harrison street. Orders called for and delivered Free of Charge.

O'DONOHUE, J. J. Dealer in Fancy Groceries, Wines, Liquors and Cigars, Headquarters for Imported Dilish, 113 Erie-st., corner Market, Chicago.

Furniture.

SMITH, JOHN M., Dealer in Household Goods, Pianos and Organs, 158, 160, 162 & 164 West Madison Street, Near Halsted.

Coal and Wood.

O'DONNELL BRO'S, Dealers in All kinds of Hard and Soft Coal, Coke and Wood, of the Best Qualities. Office and Yard 908 West Taylor street, between Halsted street and Blue Island avenue.

Real Estate Agents.

MURPHY & AMES, Real Estate, Loans, and Insurance, 81 S. Clark-st., Room 6 Chicago. M. E. Ames, Attorney-at-Law.

ASSIGNEE'S NOTICE.

ESTATE OF JOHN GRIFFIN, DEBTOR. The undersigned hereby gives notice that John Griffin, of Chicago, in the County of Cook, and State of Illinois, did, on the 4th day of March A. D. 1890, transfer to the undersigned, as assignee, all his property, real and personal, for the benefit of his creditors, according to the provisions of the act concerning assignments.

All persons having claims against the said John Griffin are hereby notified to present such claims, under oath or affirmation, to me, at Room 6 81 Clark street, Chicago, in said county, within three months from this date. PATRICK GARRETT, Assignee

Dated March 19, 1890.
M. E. Ames, Attorney, Room 6 81 Clark-st.

AGENTS WANTED ON SALARY. $72 per month and expenses paid. Any active man or woman can handle our goods by sample and live at home. Salary paid promptly and expenses in advance. Permanent and steady work. Full particulars and valuable sample Free. We mean what we say. Address at once, The Monarch Silverware Co., Boston, Mass.

FATHER KOENIG'S NERVE TONIC

In Its Worst Form.

BENTON, LAF. CO., WIS., Dec., '88.

Rev. J. C. Bergen vouches for the following: James Rooney who was suffering from Vitus Dance in its worst form for about 1½ years was treated by several physicians without effect, two bottles of Pastor Koenigs Nerve Tonic cured him.

A Montreal letter.

The True Witness and Chronicle, Montreal Can. Published Oct. 24th, '89.

We are in receipt of a letter from one of our well known citizens, Mr. E. Boisvert, who writes that upon recommendation of the most Rev. M. Marchand, of Drummondville, he was induced to use for that most dreadful of all nervous diseases, FITS, a few bottles of Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic; and is glad to state that after having suffered for eight years is now entirely cured, and heartily recommends all sufferers of nervous diseases to try this remedy.

Our Pamphlet for sufferers of nervous diseases will be sent free to any address, and poor patients can also obtain this medicine free of charge from us.

This remedy has been prepared by the Reverend Pastor Koenig, of Fort Wayne, Ind., for the past ten years, and is now prepared under his direction by the

KOENIG MEDICINE CO., 50 West Madison, cor. Clinton St., CHICAGO, ILL.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.

Price $1 per Bottle. 6 Bottles for $5.

TEAS.

Best Sample Tea 20c. Best Japan Dust 10c. Good Japan Teas 20c. Elegant Teas, all kinds, 25c. Best Japan in the World 50c. Best Gunpowder, Oolong and English Breakfast 60c per lb. Why Pay More?

SEXTON, The Tea Man,

20 & 22 STATE STREET.

M. O'BRIEN

House Mover

Buildings Re-stilled and Underpinned. Substantial and Reasonable. 25 Experienced Workmen. Country Correspondence invited. Address—

M. O'BRIEN, 3 BLUE ISLAND AVENUE.

CHICAGO.

F. D. Kinsella & Co.

25 Jackson-st., Chicago,

Designers and Manufacturers of

Stained, Cut, and Embossed

Glass

For Churches, Residences, Public Halls and Buildings, &c.

DO YOU WANT A BOOK? WRITE TO US. Any book in the world furnished at publisher's price. Name books wanted. (Send stamp). Metropolitan Press Agency, 45 Warren St., N. Y.

PHOTO-ENGRAVING.

IT PAYS TO ILLUSTRATE YOUR BUSINESS. Portraits, and cuts of colleges, hotels, factories, machinery, &c., made to order from photographs. Send stamp for specimen sheets.

GOOD WORK. LOW PRICES. QUICK TIME. Metropolitan Press Agency, 45 Warren Street, New York.

Rubber Stamps of all kinds.

A NICKELED SELF-INKING PEN & PENCIL STAMP WITH YOUR NAME IN RUBBER, TOWN AND STATE 50c. EXTRA. 25c.

Agents make money fast; send stamp for terms. Metropolitan Press Agency, 45 Warren St., N. Y.

MONON ROUTE

LOUISVILLE, NEW ALBANY & CHICAGO R'Y.

THE PULLMAN CAR LINE TO INDIANAPOLIS CINCINNATI, LOUISVILLE AND THE SOUTH.

Are you going to New Orleans or Florida? If so send and get our descriptive matter of the GREAT WORLD'S FAIR and the Winter Resorts of Florida. Via this line you are permitted to stop off and visit the World Renowned MAMMOTH CAVE. City Ticket Office, 78 Clark st., Chicago. JAMES BARKER, General Passenger Agent

GORE'S EUROPEAN HOTEL.

This excellent hotel freshly furnished and equipped throughout in first rate style, thoroughly fire proof and with unsurpassed facilities for heating, ventilating, etc., is well worthy the attention of intending visitors. The Manager, Mr. N. D. Laughlin, gives his personal attention to seeing that each and all of his guests are made as comfortable as possible. The position of Gore's European Hotel especially commends itself as being central to all the principal railway depots, theatres, etc., of the city. Attached to the hotel is a first-class restaurant.

The Chicago & Atlantic Railway,

In conjunction with the ERIE SYSTEM, operates DAILY, FAST, VESTIBULED TRAINS TO THE SEABOARD You may travel in Palatial, Pullman, Buffet Vestibule Sleeping Cars or Luxurious Pullman Vestibule Day Coaches, and save $1 50 to New York, Buffalo and Niagara Falls; $3 35 to Albany and Troy, and $3 00 to Boston and New England cities.

NO RIVAL LINES OFFERS THE ADVANTAGES OF A SYSTEM OF THROUGH FIRST AND SECOND-CLASS PULLMAN VESTIBULE DAY COACHES AND DINING CARS, CHICAGO TO NEW YORK IT IS THE ONLY LINE OPERATING PULLMAN CARS TO BOSTON AND NEW ENGLAND VIA ALBANY.

For detailed information, tickets and reservation in Pullman cars, apply at the City Ticket Office, 107 S. CLARK ST., Grand Pacific Hotel, Palmer House, Dearborn Station, or to the Agencies of connecting lines of railways.

G. M. BEACH, General Manager. CHICAGO. F. C. DONALD, General Passenger Agent.

DEVLIN'S

24 & 26 E. Randolph St.

Granulated Sugar	6¾c
White Leaf Patent Flour, per bbl	$5.00
10-lb Caddy Good Tea	$3.00
4 lbs Java Coffee	$1.00

All Groceries at Wholesale Prices. A full line of Pure Wine and Liquors for Family and Medical Use.

JOHN DEVLIN & CO., 24 & 26 EAST RANDOLPH STREET.

THE WISCONSIN CENTRAL RUNS

FAST TRAINS with Pullman Vestibuled Drawing Room Sleepers, Dining Cars and Coaches of latest design, between CHICAGO and MILWAUKEE and ST PAUL and MINNEAPOLIS

FAST TRAINS, with Pullman Vestibuled Drawing Room Sleepers, Dining Cars and Coaches of latest design, between CHICAGO and MILWAUKEE and ASHLAND and DULUTH.

THROUGH PULLMAN VESTIBULED DRAWING ROOM AND COLONIST SLEEPERS via the NORTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD between CHICAGO and PORTLAND, ORE.

CONVENIENT TRAINS to and from Eastern, Western, Northern and Central Wisconsin points, affording unequalled service to and from WAUKESHA, FOND DU LAC, OSHKOSH, NEENAH, MENASHA, CHIPPEWA FALLS, EAU CLAIRE, HURLEY, WIS., and IRONWOOD and BESSEMER, MICH.

For tickets, sleeping car reservations, time tables and other information, apply to Agents of the line or to Ticket Agents anywhere in the United States or Canada.

S. R. AINSLIE, General Manager. H. C. BARLOW, Gen'l Traffic Mgr. LOUIS ECKSTEIN, Ass't Gen'l Pass'r and Ticket Agent, MILWAUKEE, Wis.

TO EUROPE IN A TRIFLE OVER 6-DAYS-6 BY THE OLD RELIABLE CUNARD LINE

ESTABLISHED 1840. Carrying the British and United States Mails

Two and Three Sailings a Week

FROM NEW YORK AND BOSTON.

Passage Tickets to and from all parts of EUROPE at Lowest Rates. Note Tonnage and Horse-Power of our Fleet.

ETRURIA,	8,000 tons,	14,000 Horse-power.
UMBRIA,	8,000	14,000
AURANIA,	7,268	10,000
SERVIA,	7,392	10,000
CEPHALONIA,	5,000	10,000
PARTHIA,	4,500	8,000
CATALONIA,	4,000	8,000
GALLIA,	4,650	8,000
BOTHNIA,	4,527	8,000
SCYTHIA,	4,667	8,000

And others. Being the Largest, Fastest and Most Magnificent Fleet in the World. Many of the above are over 520 feet long, 65 feet wide, and have made the fastest passages on record. The Last Ship Never Last a Passenger and is the oldest in existence.

F. C. WHITING, Man'r West'n Dept. 252 Randolph Street, Under Sherman House.

P. V. FITZPATRICK, 145 Twenty-second st.

M. J. GERAGHTY, 423 W. Twelfth street, (Adjoining Jesuit Church)

CONRAD SEIPP

Brewing Company,

FOOT OF 29TH STREET,

Chicago, Ill.

Brewers and Bottlers of the Celebrated Salvator Beer.

PILSENER LAGER BEER

COOKE

Brewing Co.,

FOOT OF 27th STREET,

CHICAGO, ILL.

Brewers and Bottlers of the Finest Brands of Beers, Ale and Porter, put up especially for Family and Medical use. Try our Special Brand of Munich Hofbrau Beer.

TELEPHONE 3298.

KEELEY

Brewing Co.,

MALTSTERS AND LAGER BEER Brewers,

28th St., and Cottage Grove Av.,

CHICAGO.

Joseph Schlitz Brewing Company.

MILWAUKEE,

REPRESENTED BY

EDWARD G. UIHLEIN.

Corner Erie and Union streets, Chicago.

McAVOY BREWING COMPANY.

PURE BARLEY MALT

LAGER BEER.

2249 SOUTH PARK-AVE.